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MR. HOOVER HAS ENDED his stay in Washington amid paeans of praise. Frank Kent of the Baltimore *Sun* writes that "these days have shown him as poised, cool, good-humored, unworried, and in great health, with no mental confusion as to what he is doing or what he wants to do. His mind is in order. His thoughts are assembled." Mark Sullivan's praise was, of course, to be expected. All that Mr. Hoover has accomplished in Washington has been marked, he says, by "the dominant note" of "unhurried competence." He and Mr. Coolidge have destroyed a "hurtful tradition" that there should be no contact or personal communication between the outgoing and the incoming President. Seven times Mr. Hoover called upon President Coolidge to confer with him at length. As for the Cabinet, the reports that Mr. Hoover is steadily leaning toward the choice of Dwight Morrow for Secretary of State are highly encouraging; nothing could start off his Administration with greater eclat. It would go far to offset his apparent retention of Andrew Mellon as Secretary of the Treasury as a sop to big business. Finally, there is the very welcome announcement that Mr. Hoover will ask funds and authority of the special session of Congress for the appointment of a non-partisan judicially minded commission of seven or nine men to seek the facts as to the prohibition amendment and the enforcement of the Volstead law. It may take a year for this commission to report, but it should throw a greatly needed light upon the whole question and afford the basis for judgment as to further action.

FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS of Ambassador Houghton, Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York has introduced a resolution requiring a national referendum in the case of an "aggressive war." His resolution reads:

> . . . but war, except in defense of the United States, shall not be waged by the United States until a declaration of war by the Congress shall have been ratified by a majority of the qualified electors in the several States, in the manner provided for by the laws of each State in choosing Representatives in the Congress, at a time which the President shall fix immediately following such declaration.

This is excellent if incomplete doctrine and, like Mr. Houghton's demand for a referendum, will set the public to thinking about the return of the war-making power to the people, who transferred it to Congress, from whom it has been stolen by the Executive. The weakness of the Fish resolution is obvious. All military men consider practically every war defensive. Multitudes were humbugged into believing that our war with Germany was defensive. Some even pretended that our driving the Spaniards out of Cuba was "defensive"—"ending an intolerable nuisance at our doorstep." Mr. Fish does not specify who is to declare the war aggressive. Would any President ever admit his war to be an aggression? Again, we have waged war in Nicaragua, Mexico, and Haiti in recent years. The Executive has refused to admit that they were wars. How would Mr. Fish handle these cases? None the less, we welcome his courageous move, which he declares to be the next logical step after the Kellogg Pact.

RECENT EVENTS at Washington and Oklahoma City do not increase our admiration for American political leadership. At Washington the Senate finally confirmed Roy O. West as Secretary of the Interior largely because he had technically freed himself from Insull influence by selling his power stocks. In Oklahoma impeaching governors is becoming a habit. "Jack" Walton was deposed in 1923 and now Governor Henry S. Johnston has been impeached by both houses of the legislature and suspended from office until the completion of his trial. The official charges against him are chiefly concerned with the issuance of allegedly illegal deficiency warrants, but the public is much more interested in the unofficial charge against him that he trusts to the Rosicrucian sixth sense of his star-gazing secretary, Mrs. O. O. Hammonds, to produce wise decisions concerning State affairs. Readers of *The Nation* will remember Aldrich Blake's interesting article in our issue of September 14, 1928, concerning these supernal capacities of Governor Johnston's secretary and the turmoil into which the State of Oklahoma has been plunged as a result

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of them. At this writing the Governor's case seems well-nigh hopeless, for the legislature is almost unanimous against him.

THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS which met in Calcutta at the first of the year marked the return of Gandhi to political activity after an absence of several years, and culminated in the passage of a resolution presented by Mr. Gandhi, which declared that if the British Government has not granted Dominion status within one year, the Congress will declare for complete independence, and organize a non-cooperation movement including non-payment of taxes. Meanwhile propaganda for independence is to go on. That the reference to Dominion status is no more than a polite bow is indicated by the fact that a resolution favoring complete independence was defeated by only 377 votes out of a total of 2,323. The swing to the left in the Indian Nationalist movement, under the leadership of younger Indians, is further indicated by resolutions passed before Gandhi appeared declaring against exploitation of India for imperialist aims and reaffirming the boycott against English goods. Even more significant were the declarations from several speakers of sympathy with Soviet Russia. But more encouraging than any of the resolutions at the Calcutta conference were the speeches of Mr. Sen Gupta and Pundit Motilal Nehru. The former declared that caste must go and attacked communal dissension, *purdah,* early marriage and the "horrible custom of immature parenthood," while the latter called for the complete divorce of religion from politics. Indian leaders are gaining the courage to declare before India that the real basis of self-government must be not political but social.

MEANWHILE TWO OTHER CONFERENCES were in session, the Indian Liberal Federation at Allahabad and the All India Moslem League at Delhi. The former adopted resolutions continuing the boycott of the Simon Commission unless and until Indians are included on an equal footing, and urging the immediate establishment of Dominion status. The latter was largely devoted to resolutions for the protection of Moslem rights, not so much from English as from Hindu encroachment. Here the question of Dominion status was ignored. However, an important gesture was made toward the Hindu-Moslem unity which is essential in the struggle for Indian self-government. The Agha Khan, leader of Moslem India, urged, though not in so many words, that cow-sacrifice, which is not specifically demanded by the Mohammedan religion, be discontinued. This concession to Hindus, to whom the cow is sacred, would contribute more than any other single thing to Indian unity. And in this connection recent events in Afghanistan may have important effects in India. King Amanullah's reign gave promise of an enlightened Mohammedan rule and encouraged the dream of Pan Islam among the Moslems of India. Now that the government of Afghanistan has passed to the control of the most backward elements in the country it is very likely that Mohammedans in India will turn for their political salvation to the Indian Nationalist movement.

WE ARE GLAD TO KNOW that there are limits to the illegal activities of the private coal and iron police of Pennsylvania. Patrick T. Fagan, president of District No. 5 of the United Mine Workers, has recently won a suit for $5,000 damages for false arrest against the Pittsburgh Terminal Coal Corporation because its private police arrested him on the streets of Coverdale during a strike. Fagan's offense consisted in speaking to some strike-breakers who were being loaded into a company truck and asking them not to work at the mines during a strike. He was fined $10 by a local justice of the peace, but won his case on appeal and then sued the coal company for damages. The Scripps-Howard Pittsburgh *Press,* too, deserves credit for conducting a vigorous campaign against the abuses of the coal and iron police in the city where anti-union coal owners have been most powerful. Unfortunately Governor John F. Fisher of Pennsylvania shows no disposition to investigate properly the brutalities of State troopers in mining districts. When the American Civil Liberties Union asked the Governor recently to intervene in the coal districts to protect peaceful citizens from State troopers, he referred the request to the head of the State police!

THE LITTLE MUSSOLINI who rules over the police department of New York City follows the example of his notorious prototype and continues to trample on the law. He boasts of his contempt for the ordinary processes of justice. "Known criminals and divekeepers have no constitutional rights," is the new motto of his department. Not only are constitutional rights to be abolished, but all persons who plead, either with pen or voice, for their observance have been put down as bad citizens by Mr. Whalen, who elegantly asserts that he does "not intend to let them get away with any such stuff, giving aid and comfort to the criminal element." He says that editorials criticizing his methods have been found on the walls of raided haunts of vice, and wonders "what is the interest of these editorial writers in these crime-breeding dens." *The Nation* is ready to assure the Commissioner that its circulation among divekeepers is inconsiderable, but that it is ready, none the less, without hope of profit or subsidy, to assert that Mr. Whalen himself, when he utters such nonsense, is a lawless and a most dangerous element in the city's life. No one can fling contempt at the law, as Mr. Whalen does in word and deed, and not encourage similar contempt in the minds of the public. Clothing lawlessness in the uniform of law-enforcement is to make it doubly vicious.

IT IS A MATTER OF COMMON knowledge that officers of great corporations often give to themselves enormous, unearned salaries for services which they never render—and frequently the stockholders and workers never hear of the arrangement. This practice can never be eliminated entirely under our prevailing system of control of industry, but one of its worst features has been exposed by a recent decision of the United States Supreme Court. The Botany Worsted Mills, of Passaic-strike fame—the same firm which cut the wages of its workers severely—paid the members of the company's board of directors $9,000 a year in 1917 for the onerous duties of their Brobdingnagian office. Then these directors, fired by the generous war-time spirit of service, gave themselves $1,565,739 more, and subtracted this amount from the corporation's taxable income. The Internal Revenue Commissioner looked at these figures in some puzzlement and finally decided that the amount was "excessive." He disallowed one-half of the extra payments and carried to the United States Supreme Court his

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contention that this portion was taxable as legitimate corporation income. He won his case and the Botany Worsted Mills a severe rebuke. Justice Sanford in handing down the court's decision remarked:

> . . . the findings raise a strong inference that the unusual and extraordinary amount paid to the directors was not in fact compensation for their services, but merely a distribution of a fixed percentage of the net profits that had no relation to the services rendered.

To which we add a hearty Amen.

THE FIGHT WHICH PROGRESSIVE citizens of California are making for the public ownership and development of their beaches deserves national attention because the same thing must be repeated on almost every important shore in America if growing cities are to be protected against private greed. Sea shores ought to be places of public play in scenes of natural beauty: they have become in a large part of the country dismal slums of trade characterized by rows of hideous "hot-dog" stands. When they are not thus captured by peddlers, they are happy hunting-grounds of the real-estate speculator. Los Angeles is a case in point. Because the city's pioneers were careless about the future of neighboring beaches the citizens of Los Angeles must go to other cities for their best recreation, while private owners and exclusive beach-clubs monopolize the choicest beaches near the city. The Community Service of San Diego under the vigorous leadership of Tam Deering has worked out a program which every community may copy. Let a road be mapped out along every newly developed shore paralleling the ordinary high-tide line; then dedicate all the land between this road and the high-tide line as a public park. Wherever beaches have been partially purchased by private owners the community should capture for park purposes all that is left, and pass restrictive legislation permitting the zoning of regions near the waterfront. If Californians have risen supreme over the "realtor" and his subdivisions, who shall say that a single waterfront in America is irredeemable?

THE PURCHASE by Frank E. Gannett of the historic Brooklyn *Eagle* calls fresh attention to the rapidity with which that gentleman is enlarging his newspaper holdings. The *Eagle* is the fifteenth daily in Mr. Gannett's string, his purchases in 1928 including the Hartford *Times,* the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle,* the Albany *Knickerbocker Press,* the Albany *Evening News,* and the Ogdensburg *Republican-Journal.* Apparently something over $5,000,000 was paid for the *Eagle,* $5,000,000 for the Hartford *Times,* $3,500,000 for the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle,* and $2,000,000 for the two Albany dailies. These prices are incredibly high; no one prior to the war could have conceived of such sums being spent for any newspapers except the richest metropolitan ones. Mr. Gannett, of course, does not pay these sums out of his own pocket. He acquires them by the aid of bankers who enable him to sell to the public preferred stock or bonds, or both, retaining the common stock for himself, and as all his dailies are paying off their indebtedness rapidly, he will in due course own them all free and clear. We see no reason why Mr. Gannett should not continue his operations indefinitely and die possessed of one hundred dailies. While the economic tendency he illustrates is alarming so far as free public opinion is concerned, we are happy to record the fact that his newspapers are clean and able, and that his editors are assured freedom of political opinion.

WITH GREAT REGRET we record the resignation, because of ill health, of a devoted and able public servant, Stephen T. Mather, Superintendent of the National Parks. As we have frequently pointed out, there are in the bureaus at Washington many, many officials, especially scientists, of whom the country can well be proud—men who have deliberately put aside the opportunity of acquiring large means in private industry in order to serve the United States. One of the best of these has been Mr. Mather. An able journalist in New York in his earlier days, he became assistant to the Secretary of the Interior at the beginning of 1915. Two years later, in May, 1917, he became head of the National Park system which he had himself helped to found. The years since have been marked by extraordinary progress in the development of our great public recreation areas—seven new parks have been created since 1917—for which the credit must in no small measure be given to Mr. Mather and to his able presentation of the needs of the system. We are happy to record that his place has been filled by a most meritorious appointment, that of Horace M. Albright, who has been the highly successful superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park since 1919 and who has devoted his winters to general park affairs. Mr. Albright can be relied upon to carry on Mr. Mather's policy of making the parks more and more accessible and attractive to the public, with resultant great increase in their use. Both Mr. Albright and Mr. Mather are illustrations of what fine public servants the government can command when politics are banned. The willingness of such men to serve the community for relatively small salaries gives us hope that our government bureaus may some day attain the high standard of the British civil service.

CASPAR WHITNEY, explorer and journalist, whose death in New York occurred on January 18, served as a correspondent in two wars besides doing useful work as a member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. As a result of this he was bitterly inflamed against the Germans and used his pen and voice to urge this country into the war. It is not, however, for this that he will be remembered, but as a sportsman and writer on outdoor games in *Harper's Weekly* from 1888 to 1900, as editor of *Outing* from 1900 to 1909, and as a contributor to other publications. For years he exercised a profound and a wholesome influence upon college athletics, especially in the field of football. Almost the first writer of culture and ability to deal with sports, then not considered worthy of serious treatment in the chief dailies of the country, Mr. Whitney's opinions received the widest circulation, especially in the nineties when huge piles of copies of *Harper's Weekly* were absorbed in every sizable college. Always he advocated sport for the joy of the game and taught the sound principle of athletic fair play; the cult of winning at any cost had no place in his columns. A whole generation of Eastern college men grew up in lasting indebtedness to him. As an explorer he spent ten years in Mexico, Siam, Malay, India, and elsewhere. With him passes a versatile and virile personality.

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Foreign Policy and Cruiser Folly

THE childishness of the arguments for the Fifteen-Cruiser bill continues astounding. Thus, Senator Swanson is for absolute equality in fleet power because that would "eliminate mutual apprehension" and prevent naval competition, which "will inevitably lead to friction, unrest, and apprehension"! Apparently equality is not competition. Also it would seem as if the noble Senator's ideal is for the Admiralty and the Navy Department to build identically every year—an equal number of destroyers, submarines, cruisers, and battleships. That is, of course, not rivalry, but unity. At the same time he declared that we must build these ships to make clear to Great Britain "the wisdom of entering into a pact for naval equality" and as an "object lesson" to Great Britain not to attempt naval superiority. The New York *World*—shades of Joseph Pulitzer!—again falls editorially for the idea that we must build these cruisers as a threat. If there is to be an international conference, it says, we

> must enter the conference with enough ships laid down, appropriated for, and authorized to convince the naval authorities abroad that limitation is necessary and desirable. . . . The conclusion is unfortunate, but it is, we fear, inescapable, that the influence which the United States can hope to exert in arranging an international agreement is very largely dependent upon its strength as a naval Power. The passage of the cruiser bill will make such agreement far more likely.

Then we have the passionate sister of Theodore Roosevelt crying out in a public meeting that as England has the right to build ships the United States must have it too.

All of which seems to indicate that reasoning powers have disappeared in America. We must build ships because England builds ships. Well, why stop at England? It is as logical to set up the chant: "Paraguay builds ships; we must build ships." "Holland builds ships; the United States must build ships." There is no logic and no sense in it. It is a sort of fetishism; of incantation by blind dervishes; the latest proof that if you hear a thing often enough you believe it without stopping to inquire. In the case of Senator Swanson it is obvious not only that words no longer have their ordinary meanings, but that no adequate inquiry has accompanied the statements that he makes. Has he never heard that Holland and Norway have huge merchant fleets and no navies? Take this question of parity or equality. People who demand it talk as if the mere numbers of ships made parity. Every expert knows that two fleets may have precisely the same number of vessels, and yet one may be vastly inferior to the other. For there are such things as morale, as discipline, as commanders, as gunnery efficiency, as brains, not to mention geographical factors; all these may be more vital by far than parity. The English for generations, yes centuries, went on the theory that one English ship was the equal of two French vessels of equal caliber, and in engagement after engagement they proved that they were right. Dewey was much worried because of the numerical size of the Spanish fleet at Manila Bay; events showed that he could have won the battle if he had had the Olympia alone. Moreover, as we pointed out the other day, England can offset parity in twenty-four hours by renewing her former offensive and defensive alliance with Japan, and then adding France if need be. Would our Swansons still urge parity? Of course not. That would be insanity. Then why not sit down and work out the problem on a sane statesmanlike basis, as suggested by Ramsay MacDonald in the admirable article we are proud to print elsewhere in this issue.

Some day it may occur to our Big-Navy men that vastly more important than fleet parity is the question of the resources behind the fleet. There we are so superior to England that no parity is possible. Again, does Senator Swanson know that the United States navy has today about one hundred more destroyers than has the British navy? What a howl would go up if the Admiralty were to announce tomorrow that they were going to build a hundred more destroyers within three years! All talk of parity would disappear; it would be a threat to our safety, a real armament race, etc., etc. As for the *World's* argument and Mr. Swanson's that we must build more cruisers in order to have something to negotiate with at the conference table, that not only throws overboard all the tremendous moral force and power of the United States of which the *World* boasted so constantly when its hero, Woodrow Wilson, was in office, but it assumes that this adding of more cards to the American hand would go unnoticed until the conference table was reached. At that time, of course, some other nation could flash an announcement that it was laying down twenty or twenty-five cruisers.

We submit that all of this is folly; that any building of a navy, if one is needed—which we deny—must be predicated upon our foreign policy if the fleet is to be of any value from the point of view of efficiency, tactics, and strategy. We have no definite foreign policy, but until we do it is idle to talk of our need for ships. For instance, President Coolidge keeps talking about our never waging anything but defensive wars; then why talk about trying to protect our commerce in the Indian Ocean, or the Pacific? It took more than thirty Allied vessels to run down a single German cruiser in the Indian Ocean, the Emden. Has Senator Swanson ever really sat down and figured out how many cruisers it would take to protect our commerce, and the relation of coaling stations, docks, bases, etc., to the problem? Of course, he has not. If there were just one naval expert with common sense in the Senate, like Commander Kenworthy or Commander Wedgwood of the British Parliament, he could tear to pieces this proposal on a purely professional basis, without even raising the question of statesmanship, or foreign policy, or national objectives, or international rivalry, or pacifism. At every point the cruiser bill is indefensible, but most unworthy of all is the contention that we have no means of leading the world toward naval disarmament save the threat of fifteen more cruisers. As Americans we indignantly protest at this derogation of the United States, this throwing away of all her potential moral leadership in the movement to lead the way without fear toward a disarmed world.

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Old and Poor

WE suspect that Browning at fifty-two was whistling to keep up his courage when he wrote:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made.

The present generation, quite sensibly, regards Browning's euphemism as hallowed hokum and is unwilling to grow old along with anyone. We are running away from the horrors of old age as fast as beauty parlors and gland operations will permit. But, characteristically enough, our flight from old age is entirely an individual affair. Each dancing grandmother locks the bathroom door and applies her own blend of hair dyes: some of us grow old in Palm Beach and some on park benches. In the richest country in the history of the world only a handful of people are interested in collective action to prevent the greatest horror of old age, economic insecurity. Growing old is bad enough in itself; growing old in poverty in a nation as rich as ours is inexcusable.

Those who are willing to face the problem of old-age poverty will support the drive which is being made this winter in the legislatures of at least thirty States to put old-age pension laws on the statute books. In a perfect society pensions would be available for all old people who spent their lives usefully. But in the present state of opinion concerning social-welfare legislation it is useless to advocate any system of pensions for all the aged. The best that can be done for many years to come is to provide for old people whose relatives are not well prepared to support them.

The simplest step toward old-age security in this country would be a federal law which would provide for all the aged poor at one stroke. By lopping off a few cruisers we could easily pay for such a measure, but the precedents against unaided federal action of this kind are so overwhelming as to make the project hopeless. Traditionally the federal government does not provide personal relief for private citizens except in emergencies or in cooperation with States. The best that can be hoped for from the federal government in the near future is an investigation of the problem by a Congressional committee and the provision of federal aid to the States which develop an old-age pension system. Fortunately both of these proposals are before Congress at the present time in the form of bills introduced by Representative Sirovich of New York.

Meanwhile the important battle for old-age pensions must be fought in the State legislatures. Six States now have laws for old-age pensions, but, for the most part, they are miserably inadequate, allowing the counties to choose for themselves whether they will pay pensions or not. Only in Montana and Wisconsin have any pensions been actually paid. The favorite method of the opponents of these laws has been to create meaningless committees headed by reactionaries. In New York a legislative committee has been supposedly discussing old-age relief for three years with no obvious result except a short report on poor-houses. Governor Roosevelt has declared for the principle of old-age pensions but his director of charities, Charles H. Johnson, "opened the administration drive" for pensions by going directly for aid to an organization which has most bitterly opposed old-age pensions, the National Civic Federation.

The immediate need in this struggle is an educational campaign concerning the evils to be fought and a minimum practical program. Both of these essentials are being supplied by the American Association for Old Age Security whose president is Bishop Francis J. McConnell and whose nation-wide drive for legislation deserves hearty support. The whole situation of the aged poor in this country is described in an excellent new book by the secretary of the association, Abraham Epstein.* Probably one-third of all the people in the United States who reach the age of sixty-five are dependent upon charity or their children. In spite of the growing movement for industrial pensions, evidenced by the recent pension plan announced by the Eastman Kodak Company, only 6 per cent of the workers in industry can look forward to pensions in old age—and these 6 per cent have their freedom of protest destroyed by the fear of losing their pensions. The neediest of the aged poor are sent to poor-houses where the State spends more money on their maintenance than would be spent in keeping them at home.

The minimum requirements for a practical old-age pension measure have been drafted and introduced in several State legislatures in the form of bills calling for a payment of one dollar a day to citizens of the State of fifteen years' residence who have reached the age of seventy without adequate support. Ultimately this amount should be doubled and the age limit lowered to sixty-five, but the minimum bill deserves the support of all citizens as the most practical first step toward justice to the old. Those who wish to help in this fight are urged to write to The American Association for Old Age Security, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"Believe It or Not!"

THERE are men with horns, men with ears fifteen inches long, women with lips fourteen inches wide, men who lift weights by their eyeballs; there is—or was—a woman with a forked tongue, a man with two hearts, and another whose internal organs were plainly visible through his flesh; there are men who never sit down and others who have sat for decades on a pillar; there are men who lie on sharp metal points and others who pierce their flesh with spears or swallow fire or go blind from staring fixedly at the sun. In other words, the world is full of wonders and—to quote Robert L. Ripley, author of the cartoon series "Believe It or Not!", of which he has just made a book†—the strangest and funniest and most horrible wonder of all is man, especially man under the influence of religious excitement.

Mr. Ripley has spent eight years collecting unbelievable facts about the physical world and the queer creatures in it. And not the least interesting things in his collection are his vital statistics. He lists a young mother nine years old and another who gave birth to a child at ninety; he gives the name of a German woman who died about twenty years ago at the age of fifty-six, the mother of sixty-nine children: three sets of quadruplets, seven batches of triplets,

* "The Challenge of the Aged." By Abraham Epstein. Macy-Masius. $3.
† "Believe It or Not!" By Robert L. Ripley. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

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and sixteen pairs of twins; and of a heroine now living in Jugoslavia who gave birth to a child a year for twenty-eight years, all of whom are alive at present; he lists seven children at a birth; and a mother who bore one child at her first pregnancy, twins at her second, triplets at her third, quadruplets at her fourth, quintuplets at her fifth, and six children at her sixth, after which she died. This last is vouched for by her obstetrician. After these gargantuan feats of child-bearing one can hardly listen to the tale of the Moroccan Emperor who was the father of 888 children; but one may pay a tribute to Mme Jaqueline Montgaste of Paris, mother of seventeen children by fourteen husbands!

Of interesting separate items Mr. Ripley offers scores: All female rulers named Jane were murdered, went insane, or were deposed. Jean Baptiste Mouron, of Toulon, served out in full his sentence to be a galley slave "for 100 years and a day." Radford Williams, an Englishman convicted of murder, asked and received permission himself to spring the trap that should hang him; and he did it. Didius Salvius Julianus Marcus, a wealthy Roman merchant, bought the world for $5,000,000 in gold on March 28, 193 A. D., and was beheaded for his presumption. There is a family in France whose name is 1792; there were four sons: January 1792; February 1792, March 1792, and April 1792. March 1792 died in September, 1904.

Mr. Ripley is equally ingenious in devising strange and wonderful combinations of letters and figures. For example, the longest word in the English language: Is it antidisestablishmentarians or honorificabilitudinity? Or should Germans receive credit for *Hinterladungvetterligewehrpatronenhülsenfabrikarbeiterverein* (Society of workers in the factory of bullet cartridges for back loading Vetterli rifles), or should the chemists claim distinction for paraoxymentamethoxyallylbenzene? How extraordinary it is to observe that

$$1\times 9+2=11$$
$$12\times 9+3=111$$
$$123\times 9+4=1111$$
$$1234\times 9+5=11111$$
$$12345\times 9+6=111111$$
$$123456\times 9+7=1111111$$
$$1234567\times 9+8=11111111$$
$$12345678\times 9+9=111111111$$
$$123456789\times 9+10=1111111111$$

And if a worker came to a prospective employer and asked for a wage of one cent a day, to be doubled each day for a month, would the employer realize that on the thirty-first day he would owe his clever employee a total for the month of $10,737,418.23?

According to Mr. Ripley his greatest triumph came when he declared Lindbergh to be the sixty-seventh man to have made a non-stop flight across the Atlantic. He proved it by listing the almost forgotten Alcock and Brown—and the crews of the dirigibles R-34 and ZR-3, which carried thirty-one and thirty-three men respectively and which crossed the ocean, the former in 1919, and the latter in 1924. And he offers no stranger item for the men and women of the present day than that in Lady Gough's book on "Etiquette" written in 1863, on page 80 of which occurs the following:

> The perfect hostess will see to it that the works of male and female authors be properly separated on her bookshelves. Their proximity unless they happen to be married should not be tolerated.

Salvation Limited

ONE of the most familiar sights in America is a little knot of Salvation Army preachers at a street corner blaring fundamentalist hymns on brassy horns and bawling a kind of gutter confessional which is blended of Jeremiah and Bernarr Macfadden. Usually the straggling audience sheepishly ignores that childhood rhythm: "Put your nickel on the drum, on the drum, on the drum." Nevertheless, the Salvation Army is by no means a pauper institution. It has a million members throughout the world and more than $33,000,000 in property in the United States alone. Behind the amateur street-band and the Salvation lassie with poke bonnet and red ribbon under the chin is a great religious hierarchy with definite and very rigid creed, an elaborate system of charity, a corps of enterprising press agents, and a whole network of financial "contacts." A glimpse of that hierarchy behind the scenes has been provided during the fight for army control between General Bramwell Booth and the army's High Council which deposed him as international commander on January 16.

All the world loves a religious fight, and this one has been more than usually spectacular. General Bramwell Booth, the son of the original William Booth who founded the army, was given such absolute powers by his father that the Pope and Mussolini might well be envious. The vigorous commander of the American army, Evangeline Booth, was quite justified in organizing the reformers and taking away the control of the organization from a decrepit old man whose relatives were misusing his dictatorial powers.

The most significant thing about the Salvation Army row has been the entire lack of candid or searching criticism of the army in our press. To us the methods of the Salvation Army seem quite as inexcusable as the methods of the power trust. The power trust uses money to persuade college professors to accept its view of private ownership; the Salvation Army uses doughnuts, coffee, and beds to the end that hungry men should accept its view of the cosmos and morality. Among our institutions of social service it is a quack doctor lacking a socially constructive policy.

It is almost forty years since Huxley engaged in his famous verbal duel with General William Booth in the columns of the London *Times* on the merits of the Salvation Army. The reading of those letters raises the question whether we have not taken the Salvation Army too lightly, whether we have not allowed a reactionary and superstitious institution to get a considerable place in American life because we are too lazy to fight it and because nobody in America really cares what happens to the mind of the poor man. Huxley boldly attacked "the belief that the excitement of the religious emotions is a desirable and trustworthy method of permanently amending the conduct of mankind." "Few social evils," he said, "are of greater magnitude than uninstructed and unchastened religious fanaticism." A perusal of the creed and discipline of the Salvation Army today reveals the same evils which aroused the wrath of Huxley. And, in addition, the army has fulfilled the prophecy of Bernard Shaw written twenty-three years ago that it would become "a bureaucracy of men of business" who are "no better than bishops."

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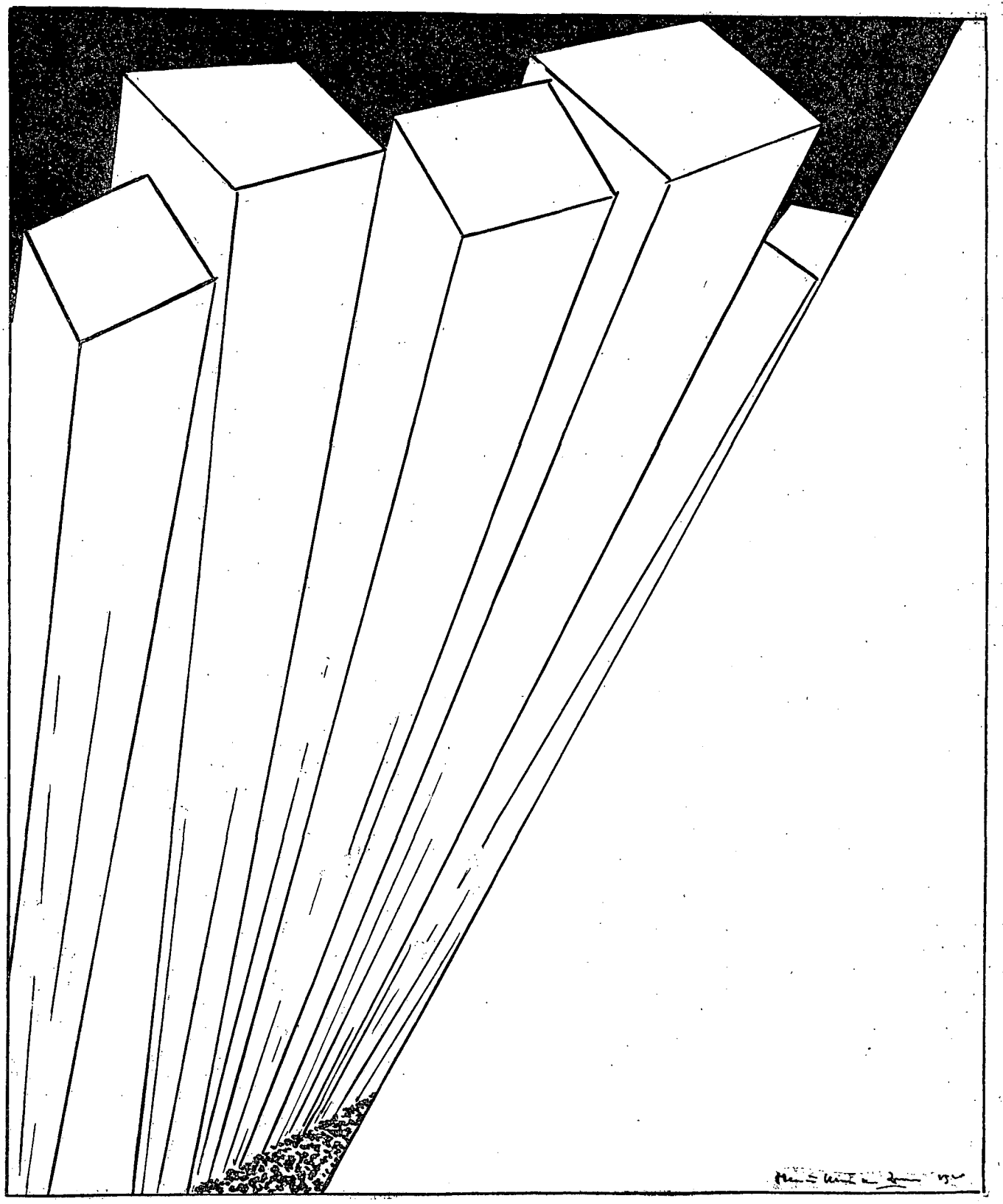

"Yes! The Point of View of Our Cities Is So Broadening!"

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America and England

By J. RAMSAY MacDONALD

London, January 10

THE relations between the United States and Great Britain grow increasingly unhappy. The usual committees of friendship are being formed—always an ominous sign, and the usual signals of a faith in doubt are being flown, such as: "War between the United States and Great Britain is unthinkable." When I hear that I am reminded of the sailor who in dire peril expressed a thankfulness that his religion was still left. The plain fact is that a spirit is growing up in the two countries which is estranging them, and is encouraging a kind of squabbling criticism which destroys mutual understanding and forbearance. It is very curious that the behavior of young creatures in nurseries so often illustrates that of nations toward each other. What each of our nations requires at this moment is a good robust call from manly common sense.

One type of mind is peculiarly pernicious in such circumstances, that of the apostle of the inevitable. It has an alluring air of detachment, and yet of stoical submission to the decrees of Providence. Today it murmurs as in a drowsy trance that great economic empires have always clashed and fought, that capitalist competition has always brought armaments competition, and that that in turn has always brought war. Therefore all that the United States and ourselves can do is to go on temporarily with our struggle for markets and rivalry for possession of furniture and Old Masters, and wait for the inevitable clash and crash decreed since the beginning of the world. Against this superstition and misreading of history every backboned sentiment of morality and common sense must be up in arms. Given governments which have minds to form rational policies, and a public opinion which represents an active will and is not merely a spill drifting upon the currents, war is no more inevitable than the smallpox, and the causes of war are just as controllable as insanitary conditions.

The European war left for the United States and England times full of petty irritation. The burdens of debt, revolutions in industry and in world markets, the problems of political readjustment in a world which has undergone more change than people really imagine, and, in some respects, the even more difficult mental readjustments that are called for, are not good for an equable temper. And when we come down to actual business, we find ourselves still more immersed in the strangeness of the change which has taken place. The whole world today is calling for peace and security against war, and when a simple declaration against war which avoids every practical difficulty is put before the world, the world hails it with acclamation, signs it—and relapses. To those of us who believe that to bring the nations out of the war age is the divine task of this generation, the temptation to lapse into cynicism rather than continue in an energetic faith is very great when we find that armament expansion both in Europe and America has been decreed by the same hands and the same pens as signed a solemn bond to eliminate forever the consideration of war from national policies. There is something wrong somewhere. Somehow, the distinction in Christian conduct between Sunday and the rest of the week seems to be creeping into international policies.

The first reflection which we are apt to make on such a situation is that some nation other than our own is perfidious. That has the demerit of leading us nowhere except up the dangerous way of self-appreciation and it also happens to be inadequate as an explanation. The fact is that every nation is rent between two opposing and hostile moods. Everyone wants peace, but no one will accept and pursue a policy based upon peace assumptions. The practical policy of the United States and Great Britain is exactly the same as that which preceded and prepared for the late war. Let us both get to close grips with reality. We have gone to Geneva to discuss naval armament, and we have both sent naval officers to do the negotiating. Both of us have begun with the assumption that war, involving our interests and safety, may break out. The duty of a naval officer is not to make peace, but to safeguard his nation's interests in time of trouble, and both you and we have an admirably able and honest body of men to advise us on that matter. At Geneva, it was not our mutual desire for peace that failed; it was not the impossibility of a peace policy that was demonstrated. It was a much simpler and very obvious thing. It was that, in the event of a war which brought us into conflict with each other, or that brought us separately into the strife, the naval arm that the United States would require for security would not be the same as that which England would require for security; that, indeed, if either the United States or England thought of security in relation to the hostility of each other, both of us would have to increase rather than diminish our shipbuilding. That was all that the Geneva failure proved. Was it really worth while going to Geneva for that purpose? Admirals as naval negotiators could not do other than bring out that obvious fact, and their negotiations could only expose the obvious. Then, English papers and American started their fusillades. They missed completely the reason for the failure, and in good old-fashioned style went for the other side hammer and tongs. You patted yourselves on the back, kicked us, and we did exactly the same on our part; and the Atlantic became broader far and more stormy for both of us.

Then came our military—not only naval—agreement with France. For that I have nothing to say except that it illustrates the bungling of so much of our present Government's foreign policy. I do not believe that it was directed against the United States. It was simply stupid. It sacrificed our own national interests far more than it menaced yours. The country, irrespective of party, rose up and, following the lead of the Labor Party, rejected it. It would be highly improper for me to pass any opinion on the new American cruiser program; if I did so, it would quite properly be resented. But I may be allowed, as an outsider who is greatly concerned with the moral authority which every great state must possess if we are to secure the conditions of a world's peace, to say that the execution of that program

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will be a great blow to the nation from which the Kellogg Pact originated. You may consider it necessary to face that, but, make no mistake, the result will be the same as though my country had not declined to countenance the Anglo-French Agreement. People will say: "Oh, yes, they boast of their declaration denying that war is to be a consideration in national policy, and with a simultaneous voice vote for a larger navy," and if men can say that, it will be a bad thing for every movement seeking to establish a world peace.

Here in Europe those of us who are devoting our lives to the elimination of war from the national records of the times to come are nearer to the frontiers from which war alarms come than you are in America, and we, therefore, see phrases and words with a meaning in realistic policy somewhat different from the meaning you see in them. But we know that with America indifferent, or neutral, or pursuing its own way, our tasks are to be heavy and our defeat is to be more possible. Therefore it is imperative that steps be taken at once to end all this foolish and mischievous feeling which is alienating the United States from Great Britain.

The first thing to be done is to bring to a common table for discussion the reasons why ships are being built, why we both went to Geneva with the assumption we did, why we are thinking of trade routes being blocked, what there is between us that for immediate policy, newspaper writing, and political electioneering makes the Kellogg Pact a mere collection of words strung upon a pious thread. The task of the statesmen is to make impossible the conditions upon which the masters of naval strategy spend their efforts. Why do not the statesmen act? If they are acting, why do they not give us comfort by informing us that they are? Is no attempt to be made, is none being made, to clear up the confusion of "the freedom of the seas"? Has neither of us the courage to discuss with the other what the interests and obligations of both are in, and to, the world and each other? Have both of us failed to observe how easy it is for nations to slip into war for nothing, how ready popular imagination is to be set on fire by anyone—even an almost anonymous newspaper proprietor—who cares to light a match? This is no case for private and unofficial action and conferences. The governments must act. Both countries ought to appoint five or six of their most outstanding public men representative of the whole nation to meet and drag from the obscure corners of sulky suspicion the things which make difficulties between us. Let us know them. Mayhap fresh air would clean our minds of them. Governments are timorous, and if this be too solemn a proceeding for them to support, let them do something themselves, only we should like to be assured that they are aware of the mighty issues involved in a lack of real good-will and confidence between the United States and Great Britain. No staging is too impressive for the importance of friendship between us, no pageantry too extravagant for the proclamation that difficulties have been removed. I want to involve the United States in no European escapade and no entanglements. It ought to praise its Creator night and day that that necessity is not imposed upon it, as it is, alas! upon us. But those of us whose lot is cast here, and whose fate it is to struggle against the powers of militarism which have been wounded but certainly not killed in the late war, should like to feel that an American hand will always be placed in ours for encouragement, and that the relations between your country and mine can be held up to the world as an example of what we are striving to establish everywhere.

Matthew Woll—Friend of Labor?

By LOUIS STANLEY

WILLIAM GREEN is president of the American Federation of Labor. Matthew Woll is leader. When Samuel Gompers was alive, "Matt" Woll, president of the Photo Engravers' Union, was known as the Crown Prince. It was understood that the "Old Man" was priming his protege to succeed him as president of the A. F. of L. Yet when Gompers died in 1924, and the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor met to select a new head, one who would probably be approved by the regular convention in the fall, Matthew Woll was not chosen. Various reasons have been assigned for this extraordinary slighting of Gompers's memory. One explanation has it that First Vice-President James Duncan, who died last year at the age of seventy-one, insisted that he was next in line and should not be passed over. Another reason given is that though Woll had come to this country from the independent duchy of Luxemburg in 1891 at the age of 11, he was considered a German and could not overcome anti-German prejudices. A third theory is that Woll's character and appearance were against him. He is overbearing. His egotism shows itself in his wiglike hair nestling thick upon his neck and his black bow tie encircling his wing collar. He is known as the champion publicity seeker in the trade-union movement. He is something of an intellectual, too. Though a photo-engraver in his youth, he is, after all, a lawyer. Gompers, despite his aversion for the intelligentsia, was taken in by this clerical figure against whom other labor leaders felt a dumb resentment. Finally, it is the opinion of some, including, it is said, Matthew Woll himself, that, incredible as it may seem, the presidency was kept from him because the Old Guard found Gompers and Woll too progressive. The old-timers wanted rest and respectability. William Green became president of the American Federation of Labor.

"Matt" Woll now made a bid for leadership. Taking up the Gompers view that employers and employees had something in common, Woll developed this theory into an elaborate philosophy of cooperation between labor and capital. Whether or not he hoped by his policy of aggressive conciliation to gain the sympathy of employers and labor officials more conservative than he, and thus perhaps eventually succeed with the aid of both in becoming president of the A. F. of L., we do not know. Probably he was aware of the futility and fatigue that were overcoming the old trade-union leaders, when they found that too much effort was needed to organize the unorganized and break down the stiffened resistance of the employers. At any rate, Woll took the lead in

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formulating and putting into execution the new policy.

There was no person in the United States who was better fitted to reconcile the organized labor movement with the employers than Matthew Woll. He occupied this position because he was not only a vice-president of the American Federation of Labor and the leading member of its Executive Council, but also because he became acting president of the National Civic Federation after the death of its president, Judge Alton B. Parker, and its vice-president for twenty-five years, Samuel Gompers, who might otherwise have succeeded to the post.

The National Civic Federation was founded in 1900 by Ralph M. Easley as an extension of the Civic Federation of Chicago, of which he was secretary. Its purpose was to bring labor and capital together. Easley soon found that the National Civic Federation and he could prosper best if the federation was used to ward off strikes and attack militancy in the labor movement. That the National Civic Federation is nothing else than an employers' organization despite the handful of labor leaders who are members is the opinion of such an expert as Clarence E. Bonnett, professor of economics at Tulane University, who unhesitatingly includes an extended study of the National Civic Federation in his book, "Employers Associations in the United States: A Study of Typical Associations." The Executive Council of the N. C. F., the executive committee, the departments and committees are invariably packed against labor. Despite bringing labor and capital together—at banquets—the National Civic Federation has never converted a single open-shopper to unionism. It is this kind of employers' organizations of which Matthew Woll, spokesman for the American Federation of Labor, is head. Yet if you look into the American "Who's Who" or "Labor Who's Who," you will scrutinize the long list of organizations to which Matthew Woll belongs in vain for mention of the National Civic Federation. Is this a case of bad conscience? Is it intentional? Could the matter have been merely overlooked, when such minor details as his membership in the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute and the Knights of Columbus are not?

The American Federation of Labor has been committed to State old-age pensions since 1907; the National Civic Federation has been actively opposed to them and has persistently waged a campaign in favor of private industrial pensions. What position has the leader of the A. F. of L. and the N. C. F. taken on this question on which the two organizations have been diametrically opposed? The facts show that he has used his influence to obstruct old-age pensions without actually requiring a right-about face by the American Federation of Labor. In July, 1925, the Industrial Welfare Department of the National Civic Federation issued a report advocating industrial pensions. Matthew Woll never raised his voice in protest. Early in 1927 the N. C. F. sent out a letter, signed by Ralph M. Easley, chairman of its Executive Council, addressed to all governors and legislators, practically urging these officials not to take any action on old-age pensions until the National Civic Federation should have completed its investigation of the subject. James H. Maurer, then president of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor and president of the Old Age Commission of Pennsylvania, wrote an open letter to Matthew Woll asking him whether he approved of this letter in view of the fact that the American Federation of Labor and various constituent bodies had already committed themselves to old-age pensions. Maurer also accused the N. C. F. of instructing its investigators in Pennsylvania "to obtain only such information as will disprove the facts found by the various State commissions, and especially those found by the Pennsylvania State Commission." Matthew Woll never made a public reply to this communication, letting the mischief wrought by Easley's letter have its effect.

At last the report on old-age dependency of the Industrial Welfare Department of the National Civic Federation was ready. Press releases were issued on December 27, 1927, purporting to summarize the report. These statements to the newspapers sought to minimize the number of the needy among the aged. Various persons interested in the problem hastened to express doubt as to the validity of the conclusions, but Matthew Woll remained silent. For about three weeks copies of the full report were not available to the general public. When they were, it was found that the statistical data had been given a highly colored interpretation. The newspaper articles had in the meantime done their work. Matthew Woll at no time made any public comment on the press statement or the report.

Meanwhile, within the American Federation of Labor Woll was placing obstacles in the path of old-age pensions. Back in 1924 he had induced the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. to make "the problem of old-age pensions . . . part of the larger problem of labor insurance." The results were the formation of the Union Labor Life Insurance Company with Woll as president and the disappearance of the old-age pension question from the conventions of the A. F. of L. until 1927, when the matter was referred to the Executive Council for investigation. At the recent sessions at New Orleans the A. F. of L. finally took action. It approved a recommendation of the Executive Council calling for a Congressional investigation, thus supplying the enemies of old-age pension legislation with the argument that organized labor favored postponement of action by Congress and the State legislatures until a federal commission had completed an inquiry into the facts. In this way Matthew Woll has made the American Federation of Labor play into the hands of the National Civic Federation.

The latest venture of the N. C. F. is the formation of a Commission on Industrial Inquiry for the purpose of "finding a *modus vivendi* between the bona fide unions and the so-called right-wing employers who, while maintaining company unions in their plants, do appreciate the splendid stand taken by the American labor leaders in contrast with that of the leaders of the radical English Labor Party." Matthew Woll is chairman of the Committee on Plan and Scope. There are four other representatives of organized labor on this major committee out of a total of twenty-four. Fifteen of the sixty-seven members of the commission are representatives of labor. Among the other members are Samuel Insull of the Insull public utilities; Otto H. Kahn of Kuhn, Loeb and Company; George B. Cortelyou, president of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York; E. K. Hall, vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; Nathan L. Miller, general counsel for the United States Steel Corporation; and Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of directors of the General Electric Company. Woll has participated in one open and two closed conferences to work out this *modus vivendi* between the company unions and

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the trade unions. The question may well be asked: Is he working with Easley and his financial backers so that intentionally or unintentionally the trade-union movement will be delivered into the hands of its enemies?

What does the National Civic Federation find attractive about the American Federation of Labor? It never praises its trade-union activities. Instead it tells the contributors to the N. C. F.'s war chest, whose identity Easley does not even disclose to the Executive Committee, that the A. F. of L. can be used as a bulwark against "radicalism." For example, Easley in his last Labor Day address—to employers—pointed out that the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. had on August 3 ordered an energetic campaign to extirpate the "reds" from the unions, requested its affiliated bodies to withdraw all support from Brookwood Labor College, and rejected all overtures looking to affiliation with the socialistically tinged International Federation of Trade Unions at Amsterdam. These are the things for which Matthew Woll and the A. F. of L. have become distinguished.

Matthew Woll's championship of the labor movement has been tested on more than one occasion since he became the acting president of the National Civic Federation. During the Passaic textile strike in 1926 he countenanced the cooperation of the National Civic Federation with the National Association of Manufacturers and the American Legion in trying to break the strike. After an agreement had been reached for the workers to join the American Federation of Labor, he sought to cut off any help that the strikers might receive from a Congressional investigation by casting aspersions on the motives of Senator Borah, who had offered his support to the strikers' committee headed by W. Jett Lauck, an economist whose loyalty to the labor movement has never been questioned. When the workers were given membership in the United Textile Workers, the A. F. of L. union, Woll, it is understood, used his influence to have Thomas McMahon, the president of the U. T. W., lecture the strikers at the induction ceremonies on the necessity of giving their employers no trouble. Lastly, when the strike was over Woll utilized the Workers' Education Bureau, which he dominates as the price of A. F. of L. support, to inaugurate a propaganda campaign under the guise of education to subdue the radicalism of the Passaic workers. The man who was in charge of this work is now an agent of the Union Labor Life Insurance Company in Passaic.

Is Matthew Woll, then, a friend of labor? To whom does he owe first allegiance, to the employers or employees of America? Does he behave primarily as acting president of the National Civic Federation or as vice-president of the American Federation of Labor? Certainly he cannot serve both with loyalty. And if he must leave one or the other or both, let not the tender-hearted grow anxious lest a man in middle life be deprived of a livelihood. His position as president of the Union Labor Life Insurance Company has been placed on a full-time basis. There are rumors that President Hoover may reward him with a place on the Tariff Commission for obstructing the labor indorsement of Alfred E. Smith. Eventually the capitalists of America may create a soft berth for a faithful friend. It has happened before.

The Paris Press Scandal

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, January 10

THE affair of the *Gazette du Franc* is in itself a banal one. A lady called Mme Hanau, who ran what appears to have been a glorified bucket-shop, has been arrested together with an assortment of her alleged accomplices, and all are being tried by newspaper in the approved French fashion, with the zealous cooperation of the *juge d'instruction,* or examining magistrate, who seems to be enjoying himself immensely. French law, quite logically, lays down that, an *instruction* being secret, no information about what passes at it must be published, but laws in France are made to be broken and, as in all such cases, columns of the papers are filled with tendencious reports of the proceedings, evidently supplied by the examining magistrate, for no reporters are admitted. The examining magistrate has also supplied the press with portraits of himself accompanied by laudatory biographical notices, and interviews in which he assures the public that he is "thinking of France" and of "the wretches who must be hunted down," that is, the accused persons whom even French law assumes to be innocent until they are proved guilty. In short, the staging of the first act follows the most approved methods.

An attempt has, however, been made in France, to turn the financial scandal into a political and even an international one. It has been described as "another Panama," the very existence of the Republican regime has been declared to be at stake, and particularly perspicacious persons have detected in it the hands of the Boche and the Bolshevik pursuing dark designs for the ruin of France. For it is an accepted axiom that, if there is anything amiss in France, there is some wicked foreigner at the bottom of it, or at least that mysterious abstraction "international finance." All this nonsense is as normal as the affair itself, which is interesting just because it is typical. It is true that the affair of the *Gazette du Franc* touches both politics and the press, but so has every financial scandal in France of any importance since Louis XIV. Corruption of politicians and the press has not been the monopoly of any political regime, and the Third Republic is certainly no worse in this respect than any of the regimes that preceded it; but in the nature of things it is less successful in hushing things up and preventing public scandals than were more autocratic forms of government.

The *Gazette du Franc* was founded as a weekly paper some three years ago by the Count de Courville, an ardent Royalist and prominent member of the Action Française League, well-known in Parisian society, who is now in the Santé prison with the other male accused. His purpose was to save the franc, but the enterprise did not meet with success and the paper was soon in financial difficulties. M. de Courville went in search of additional capital and was introduced to Mme Hanau, who provided the necessary money and used the paper to boom her financial enterprises. They seem

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chiefly to have consisted in gambling on the Stock Exchange for clients with money intrusted to her by them for that purpose, but she founded various companies with obscure objects, the original shareholders being men of straw, who gave merely their names, Mme Hanau providing the money. M. de Courville on his own admission acted in that capacity. At the beginning of last year M. Pierre Audibert became editor of the paper. He had been *chef-de-cabinet* to M. de Monzie, when the latter was a Minister, and had thus valuable relations in high quarters. The title of the paper was changed to *Gazette du Franc et des Nations;* it became a daily and started a vigorous propaganda for peace and international reconciliation. M. Audibert had an editorial salary of 30,000 francs a month—about $14,500 a year—a liberal one for a paper run at a heavy loss and printing 60,000 copies most of which were given away. He had, according to his own account, a perfectly free hand on the editorial side, but Mme Hanau continued to direct the financial section of the paper. Payments to contributors were on as generous a scale as the editorial salary—a fee of $200 for an article was, I understand, quite ordinary and much more was often paid. Naturally the paper secured a large and varied selection of distinguished contributors. An article by M. Briand appeared in its first daily number, and among those who subsequently contributed articles were M. Poincaré, Signor Mussolini, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. Some of those who were asked for contributions, however—M. Caillaux was one—declined, perhaps because they had read the financial articles in the paper, which had no doubt escaped the notice of the others.

It is undoubtedly unfortunate that the Prime Minister of France and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, not to mention less eminent politicians, should have contributed to a paper run, as it now appears, simply to advertise financial enterprises that have landed their promoters in a criminal prosecution. The fact is an example of the levity that prevails in the "République des Camarades." French politicians are too ready to do for a political friend any service that costs them nothing. The eminent politicians concerned were let in by M. Audibert, whose invitation they at once accepted without inquiry because he was one of themselves. Nevertheless, their imprudence is not going to put the republic in any danger. The hysterical shrieks of the *Action Française,* the Fascist *Liberté,* and M. Coty's *Ami du Peuple* are falling very flat. People see that, if the republic is compromised by M. Poincaré's article in the *Gazette du Franc,* so is the Catholic church by that of Cardinal Dubois, and still more the Action Française League by the direct collaboration of M. de Courville in Mme Hanau's enterprises. It is all very well for M. Maurras to say that the republic is a party and is therefore compromised by the conduct of individual Republicans, whereas the monarchy is a thing and cannot therefore be touched by the conduct of individual Royalists. This fine distinction does not go down. Moreover, M. Valois, formerly a prominent member of the Royalist Executive, has been making in the *Volonté* revelations about the financial methods of the *Action Française* itself, which has replied only with abuse.

The *Ami du Peuple* is in an equally false position. It tries to exploit the affair of the *Gazette du Franc* against the Radicals, although, so far as I know, no Radical leader ever contributed to the paper and, while it holds M. Poincaré morally blameless, as no doubt he is, it demands the arrest of M. de Monzie, because M. Audibert was once his official secretary. As for the *Liberté,* it has published the grotesque fiction that M. Herriot, when he was Minister of Public Instruction, subscribed out of the public funds for a large number of copies of the *Gazette du Franc* for daily distribution in the schools, and for that ground demands his arrest. The truth is that M. Herriot accepted for that purpose many thousands of copies of a special number of the *Gazette,* published to commemorate the signature of the Kellogg Pact, which were offered gratuitously by the proprietors of the paper. Thanks to the dilatory habits of the Administration, they had not been distributed in Paris at the time of Mme Hanau's arrest and were still lying in the offices at the Hôtel de Ville the other day. M. Herriot can hardly be severely blamed for accepting copies of a paper to which his Prime Minister had contributed.

There may be members of Parliament guiltily implicated in the affair, but up to now there is not a vestige of evidence of it, so I do not see why the parliamentary system should be discredited. Besides, the parliamentary system has been discredited in France, according to nine out of ten Frenchmen, so long as I can remember, but it is none the worse for it. The army is perhaps the only French national institution that is not discredited, and I suspect that this has always been so. Sometimes I am tempted to think that the army is the only really national institution in France. The Socialist and Communist papers are of course saying that what is discredited is the capitalist system, and really there is more to be said for that view than for the others mentioned, although corruption is much older than capitalism.

Three other newspapers are implicated in the affair, namely, the *Quotidien,* the *Réveil du Nord,* and a midday paper called the *Rumeur.* They sold what is called their "financial publicity" to Mme Hanau, in other words, they allowed her to act as their financial editor and she paid them for the privilege. It is admitted that the *Quotidien* distributed her circulars to its subscribers, who are just the sort of people to whom her enterprises would appeal, being mainly small bourgeois and peasants. For the very persons in France so suspicious that they will not intrust their money to the Government Savings Bank but keep it under their beds or in the cellar are always ready to intrust it to any speculator or company promoter promising them 40 per cent. It is not really surprising, for, when one suspects everybody, one is sure to end in being unable to distinguish between an honest man and a knave. If any parliamentarians have responsibility in this affair, they are two members of M. Poincaré's Cabinet, M. Jean Hennessy and M. Loucheur, who hold the controlling interest in the *Quotidien* and the *Réveil du Nord* respectively. I do not for a moment suggest that they were cognizant of Mme Hanau's methods, but they cannot be acquitted of negligence and are certainly more directly involved than if they had merely contributed an article to the paper or distributed copies of a special number. M. Hennessy in particular should have made inquiries when he became the chief proprietor of the *Quotidien,* seeing that the principal political contributors to that paper, including the late Professor Aulard, left it a couple of years ago on account of its financial connections, against which they publicly protested. Yet nobody, except the *Humanité* and the *Populaire,* ever mentions M. Hennessy and M. Loucheur—because they

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are members of M. Poincaré's Cabinet and therefore covered by that august name.

The truth is that, if M. Hennessy and M. Loucheur had known that the papers in which they were respectively interested farmed out their "financial publicity"—and it is difficult to believe that they did not know it—they would have thought nothing of it, because all, or nearly all, French papers do likewise. English papers pay a financial editor to give them financial information. French papers are paid by somebody to allow him to use their columns for his financial information. It is notorious that a certain big bank has a large interest in one of the Parisian dailies and it is safe to say that financial enterprises in which that bank is interested are favorably mentioned in the financial article. No doubt they are sounder than Mme Hanau's enterprises seem to have been, but the principle is the same. The "financial publicity" is a recognized source of income to the French press. There are far too many papers in Paris and very few of them can live by their sales and revenue from honest advertisements. They live by subsidies or by various expedients. There is little genuine advertising in France. Advertisement usually takes the form of puffs in the news columns. Financial information is not the only information that is a source of revenue. Much of the foreign news in French papers is propaganda paid for by foreign governments. With a certain amount of experience one can nearly always detect it. M. Briand has organized a system of grants to the press out of the Secret Service funds. They vary, according to the importance of the paper, from about $1,200 a year to ten times that amount. This helps to explain the unanimity of the press on questions of foreign policy.

So there is nothing unusual in the fact that the papers in which M. Hennessy and M. Loucheur are interested farmed out their financial columns. They have merely been unusually unlucky in farming them out to a lady who has got into trouble, perhaps after all for doing nothing much worse than is done with impunity by highly respected and even decorated persons.

A scandal of this sort might do good if, instead of being made the occasion of more or less hypocritical denunciations of individuals and being exploited for purposes of party politics, it were recognized as what it is—a system of deep-seated evils whose causes are quite independent of the political regime.

The Need for a Public Defender

By MAYER C. GOLDMAN

THE masses everywhere are sadly in need of social and economic justice. Society owes a duty to the "under dog" and its obligations in this respect are constantly becoming more apparent. One of the signs of unrest is the rapidly growing movement for a "square deal" in the courts and in this connection the office of Public Defender has been persistently urged. Throughout the United States and England, the demand for elemental justice is developing with an ever-increasing force. The proper defense of indigent persons accused of crime is a necessary counterpart of public prosecution. The state should shield the innocent as well as punish the guilty.

The District Attorney's principal function is to prosecute and not to defend. It is impossible for him adequately to perform the double role, even though he conscientiously attempts to do so. While there are fair-minded prosecutors with a keen sense of justice, unfortunately too many of them are dominated by the desire to "make a record." To them accusation is often equivalent to proof. The law reports abound with criticisms directed against over-zealous and ambitious prosecutors "who run dangerous, foolish, and unprofessional risks to secure a conviction," and who often evince "ignorance of the ordinary rules of evidence or disregard the interests of both the people and the defendant, which alike require that a trial should be had according to law." (People *vs.* Cascone, 185 N.U. p. 334.)

The vice of the "assigned counsel system" generally in vogue in the United States is too well known to require elaborate discussion. It is sufficient to say that this system has been a source of constant criticism and attack for many years by those coming in contact with the criminal courts. It is fundamentally wrong from every standpoint. It is as unfair to counsel as it is to the accused. Even the "crook" is entitled to a fair trial. Assigned lawyers are required to serve without compensation, except in capital cases. Logically, there is no more reason for compensating counsel defending persons on trial for their lives than to pay counsel for representing those whose liberty or reputations are involved. The distinction is merely an arbitrary one. Assuming that the accused person is fortunate enough to have a competent and conscientious lawyer assigned to him, it must be obvious that with the best skill and attention it is impossible for him to cope with the power, strength, and resources of the prosecution. He has no money available to pay the expense of witnesses, fees of experts, and to take appeals. Frequently defendants are compelled to suffer, not because they are guilty, but because they are poor.

The case of Charles F. Stielow, who was convicted of murder and pardoned by the Governor, is very much in point. Stielow, the victim of a "third-degree" confession, convicted of murder several years ago in the State of New York, four times in the shadow of the electric chair, and snatched from the jaws of death at the last moment, affords a striking illustration of the possibilities of judicial murder. Stielow owes his life solely to the persistent and unselfish efforts of a group of private individuals who volunteered to champion his cause, and who succeeded in getting a pardon for him from the Governor. While the result achieved is a triumph of innocence over manufactured guilt, it is a sad commentary on our system of jurisprudence that the State was so powerless and inefficient to prevent the wrong committed by it. This case strikingly illustrates how an innocent man can be sentenced to death, despite the so-called legal safeguards that apparently surround him, and the need for a Public Defender.

Attention may also be called to the case of Alfred

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Schwitofsky, which shows the conviction of an innocent man and a grave miscarriage of justice. This case is reviewed with great detail in a book entitled "Twenty Years in State Prison," written by a chaplain of the New York City Prison and of Sing Sing Prison in New York. Schwitofsky was sent to state prison for a term of twenty years for burglary and felonious assault. In June, 1914, the State Board of Parole held a hearing which was brought about by the prison chaplain, the secretary of the Prison Society of New York, a well-known editorial writer, and two prominent lawyers. At this hearing the prisoner told a remarkable tale of police hounding, declared his innocence of the charge, and produced witnesses to corroborate his story. He told (according to the New York *Times* of June 9, 1914):

> how three lawyers had been assigned to his case who had practically ignored him, of how he had been identified by persons under duress, of how he had not been able on account of his lack of means to produce a single witness in his defense, of how he had not been allowed to explain many things that counted against him at his trial, of how important witnesses had been ignored.

It was also reported that the most effective incident in Schwitofsky's interest was an admission of the Assistant District Attorney, who represented the State, "that the District Attorney had become convinced by reason of newly discovered evidence that Schwitofsky was not guilty of felonious assault, upon which charge ten years of his twenty years' sentence was based, and that the District Attorney was willing to recommend to the Governor that this ten years' sentence be revoked by a parole or pardon." On September 18, 1916, Governor Whitman commuted Schwitofsky's sentence.

It is significant that while many opponents of the Public Defender proposal at first resented the criticism that gross defects exist in our criminal system, they have recently shifted their position. They are now willing to admit that the indigent accused is the victim of discrimination, but they challenge the efficacy of the remedy proposed. This change of front is undoubtedly the result of the wide publicity given to the evils inherent in our criminal-court procedure.

A most valuable contribution to the subject is contained in the Carnegie Foundation Report, published several years ago, entitled "Justice and the Poor," which has attracted much public notice. This extract from the report is eloquent as to the spread of the defender theory:

> The defender in criminal cases, whether publicly or privately supported, is unquestionably the best immediate method of securing freedom and equality of justice to poor persons accused of serious crimes. It is a complete solution of the difficulties in the existing administration of the criminal law which have placed poor prisoners at a serious disadvantage, and it remedies some of the most glaring abuses which have brought the criminal law into disrepute.
>
> Since 1914 it has spread very generally throughout the country and has made more headway in legislatures and the community at large than the proposed reforms in court reorganization and simplification of procedure. In three years it has made more impression on the public mind than its more ancient ally, the Legal Aid Society, has been able to make in forty years.

The National Crime Commission, composed of distinguished lawyers and sociologists, through its Sub-Committee on Criminal Procedure and Judicial Administration, of which former Governor Herbert S. Hadley of Missouri was chairman, in its recent "Outline of a Code of Criminal Procedure," recommended, among other things: That a defendant unable to obtain his own counsel should be represented by a Public Defender. Chief Justice Taft, in his preface to a pamphlet entitled "Growth of Legal Aid Work in the United States," issued by the United States Department of Labor, stated:

> I think we shall have to come and ought to come to the creation in every criminal court of the office of Public Defender, and that he should be paid out of the treasury of the county or the State.

It should be noted that public defense of accused persons long since passed the experimental stage in this country and is now an accomplished fact in many communities where the office of Public Defender has been established by legislative enactment or local provision. Among these communities are: Los Angeles, Portland (Oregon), Omaha, New Haven, Hartford, Bridgeport, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, Memphis, Wilmington, North Carolina, Columbus (Ohio), Evansville, and Temple (Texas). The comments of judges, district attorneys, and lawyers in these cities, notably in Los Angeles, where the office has been in operation for about ten years, are most favorable.

A voluntary defender is now functioning in New York County as an auxiliary of the Legal Aid Society of New York. He is doing excellent work, and this undoubtedly is a step in the evolution toward public defense. The objection to the voluntary defender idea is that it functions as a charity, and charity is not an adequate substitute for justice.

The Public Defender idea is justified by historical precedent and by the procedure in foreign countries. The movement in England has received the support of leading newspapers, lawyers, sociologists, and labor leaders. It has stood the test of time and experience. Strange as it may appear, many of the older civilizations have guarded more jealously the rights of accused persons in some respects than we have in this country. In Spain, in 1496, an attorney was provided at "public expense, under the title of Advocate for the Poor." The criminal code of Hungary specifically provides for a Public Defender in certain cases. In the Argentine Republic lawyers are appointed by the Supreme Court for life at a monthly salary. France insures dignified and competent counsel to indigents through an organization called "l'Assistance judiciaire." A prisoner in Belgium has the right to select his own counsel and is not dependent on an assigned lawyer, who may be unsatisfactory to him. Mexico provides for the free public defense of its citizens. In Norway the state bears the expense of counsel for the defense of any person accused of crime. Under the criminal system in Denmark the court appoints a prosecutor and a defender for the accused persons. Both are selected from a staff of public attorneys in the particular district who have been previously selected by the king to handle public cases. Germany, some other countries, and a few of our States recognize the right of a person unjustly punished to be compensated by the state. We may learn much from foreign jurisprudence about giving accused persons a fair trial.

The Public Defender Bill, which has been introduced annually in the New York Legislature for the last fourteen years, will be reintroduced shortly and a vigorous effort will be made to secure its enactment into law.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter reads that a commission of engineers is now in Algeciras studying the project of a tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar, a project which has been the dream of King Alfonso for many years. The tunnel, according to one plan, will begin near the Bay of Vaquero, west of Algeciras, and end in Tangier, a distance of twenty miles, at a maximum depth of 1,000 feet. When it is finished, the journey from Europe to South America will be reduced to six days, and the worlds between Cape Town and Paris can be strung on a single thread of steel. So science shrivels the world with speed. But the Drifter, old fogy that he is, prefers speed in the abstract to its reality. He prefers to go from Spain to Africa the same way the Moors went when Granada fell and unhappy Boabdil yielded his towers.

* * * * *

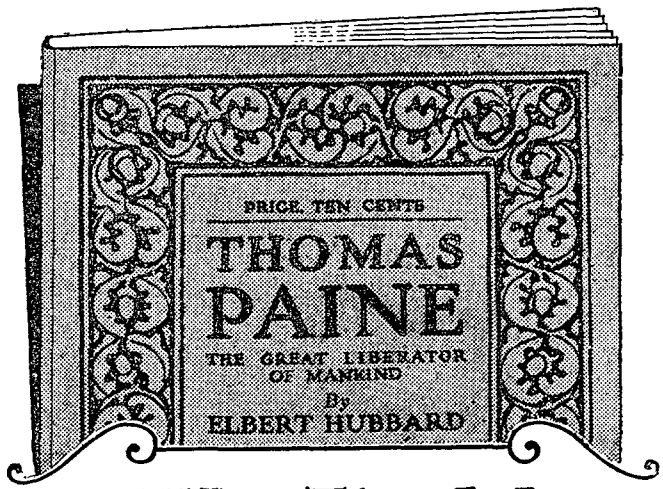
THE Drifter sailed from Algeciras on a windy day in June. The great British Rock loomed over him, its head in clouds, as the little ship left the Spanish coast and headed into the Straits which were beaten white by the wind. As the Rock receded, the mountainous African coast appeared; and a dim white patch grew at last into the whitewashed city of Tangier that begins where a blue bay ends, and steps up, on square flat roofs, to a bluer sky. The boat dropped anchor. A small boat came alongside, and then another, manned by barefoot Sindbads in brilliant baggy trousers, fancy jackets, and red fezes. Three hours from Europe, a new world begins.

* * * * *

TANGIER by day is an endless pageant of color and strangeness. The narrow climbing streets are lined with bazaars. Many of them, tourist ridden, are only shops for raucous bargaining; but in others dignified bearded gentlemen in turbans and long white robes sit all day long, deep in conversation among their variously colored wares, indifferent to sales. Veiled women, swathed in white to their bright-sandaled feet, gather before a little shop where flour and meal are sold from open sacks. A tall Negro, clothed in scanty brilliance, strides by, carrying two enormous sacks of grain upon his head. A water-seller, with glistening full goatskin on his shoulder, cries his wares. And there are burros everywhere, patient little beasts in gay trappings, each loaded with two heavy baskets. But the Grand Socco, the public square, is the heart of Tangier. Here is one of the loveliest of vegetable markets, where veiled women sit shaded by strips of camel's hide stretched above their heads, keeping every bean and carrot bright by washing each one carefully in the pails of water at their sides. Here are snake charmers with their squirming pets; story-tellers who hold their ragged hearers spell-bound; religious men expounding the Koran. The pageant ends with sun-down; and by nine o'clock the streets are deserted, the air is still, except for the occasional minor note of a bagpipe drifting in from the outskirts of the city where the natives live.

* * * * *

WHAT, the Drifter wonders sadly, will happen to Tangier when the Spanish tunnel opens its mouth? He trembles for the Grand Socco. THE DRIFTER



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Our Readers on What's Wrong with *The Nation*

Nothing the Matter

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With all respect, it appears to me that the gentlemen who have been discussing the question, What Is the Matter with *The Nation?* have not displayed any marked capacity for logical and accurate thinking. As a matter of fact, the question is arbitrary and fallacious. It assumes the very thing it regards as doubtful. There is nothing the matter with *The Nation.* It is what it is because it expresses or reflects, as it should, the convictions and sentiments of its editor and publisher. You may not agree with him, but the matter may be with you, not with him. I have often taken exception to the position of *The Nation,* but I have not been so egotistical as to charge that there must be something wrong with it.

The Nation has many critics, no doubt, but these are divided into definite categories. The reactionaries and jingoes hate *The Nation;* so do the 100 per cent Babbitts; so do the irreconcilable partisans; so do the fanatical revolutionists. What does that prove? Exactly nothing. You cannot please everybody, and the true editor pleases himself and does not even try to placate and satisfy any one else. *The Nation* is not infallible, but it is courageous, frank, comprehensive in its outlook, and in intention and purpose on the side of the angels.

The charge that it is provincial and New Yorkish is baseless, as is the charge that it is too conventional in dealing with delicate problems, such as sex, marriage, and birth control. I have no sacred cows myself, and would have made mental notes of evasion or timidity or superstition on the part of *The Nation.* I have no such notes, although I have read *The Nation* regularly for thirty years and have of course been aware of the changes it has undergone. *The Nation* is not Extreme Left, but it is decidedly "leftist" and advanced. If its circulation is not as large as it ought to be, we must bear in mind that the better an article is the smaller the demand for it—that is, in the realm of the intellect and the fine arts. Beethoven is not as popular as Sousa, and few dramatic masterpieces draw as well as "Abie's Irish Rose." But what is the moral? Not that there is something the matter with Beethoven or Ibsen. The matter is with the public, and radical organs of opinion and criticism cannot expect the circulation of the moronic tabloids.

Chicago, January 9 Victor S. Yarros

From California

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The major criticism which Mr. Broun offers of *The Nation,* so far from being a criticism is in the eyes of every sane liberal—yes, and even radical—with the exception of Mr. Broun and Mr. Mencken, precisely its strongest asset. If liberalism and radicalism are only some nice plaything, then it might be justifiable for *The Nation* to go off "half-cocked" most of the time. But if liberalism and radicalism really have a serious purpose and task to be accomplished in this world and really lead somewhere, then certainly there is less excuse for a periodical sponsoring progressive ideas to "be outrageously unfair and violent and decidedly ribald" (to quote Mr. Broun) than for any one or anything else. Neither liberalism nor even radicalism is so unsound that it has to take refuge in such methods of small minds and irrational causes. We can leave such "outrageously unfair" statements and emotional shoutings from the house-tops to our conservative friends who have no other weapons with which to defend their outworn ideas and practices. But liberalism cannot afford to stoop thus low lest it be even less effective than it is bound to be anyway, since only a few people in any age live far enough abreast the times to dare to be liberals or radicals. No, thank God for *The Nation's* keeping on earth instead of flying in the clouds.

Stockton, California, January 6 Paul A. Schilpp

In a Bad Way

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Criticisms of *The Nation* seem to be in order, so here goes with an unsolicited one. In a few words, it is too compromising and self-contradicting. It espouses civil liberties, and yet is not libertarian. It indorses labor and capital at the same time. It does not seem to realize that they are fundamentally opposed to one another. If one deplores unearned increments, absentee ownership, and the rest, how can one compromise on the labor question?

It regards "free speech" as the pinnacle of human ideals and attainments. It does not realize that "free speech" is only an implement to be used in obtaining far greater liberties, such as economic liberty, and the liberty of social expression. *The Nation* is too mild toward the churches. It fully realizes their hypocritical, useless, parasitical character, their enslavement of the mind and demoralization of the nature of man, and their utter disregard of democratic institutions. Such conduct should not be glossed over, but soundly and constantly denounced.

The Nation indulges in too many trivialities which detract from the usefulness, character, and unity of the journal; namely, entirely too much reviewing of local New York plays, too many book reviews and literary notes, and too much flat poetry. *The Nation* should adopt a platform of principles to which it should stick, except as time brings a change of conditions and mind.

New York, January 8 Jacob J. Sternbach

The Perfect Tribute

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am a steady reader of *The Nation* and I get it at the North Side Library here, but I was late last week in getting it because in cold weather there are many library patrons and they get ahead of me. I went purposely Monday forenoon and Tuesday evening and waited three or four hours, but others beat me to *The Nation.* Early this morning it was raining and I got in at opening time at 9 o'clock and grabbed *The Nation.*

Pittsburgh, Pa., January 15 G. A. Pierce

Hold the Fort!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Broun would make of *The Nation* an *American Mercury.* Overemphasis, the shouting of ideas in a blatant manner, irritate rather than stimulate. Hold the fort, sir! You are at least interesting.

Harrington, Wash., January 2 Clay Hansard

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Critical Praise

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is, in my opinion, much more the matter with the nation than there is with *The Nation*. That is mainly why the readers of the journal are such a small fraction of the citizens of this political entity which we call the United States. As a whole we are an aggregation of children, and nothing like as clever children as we think we are. The wonder is not that *The Nation* has no more readers, the wonder is that it has so many. The growth of circulation during the last decade has been on the whole truly encouraging. There is something, not very much, in the contention that it is too "New Yorky." Of more consequence is the fact that on the literary side *The Nation* belies the democracy of its news and editorial columns. Its poetry, and to a lesser extent its literary comment as a whole, is written for a class, and a very limited class, not for the main body of its readers. There is an approach to snobbery, unintentional but actual, in these sections of the journal. But, after all, it is our nation, not *The Nation,* that needs to be overhauled.

La Crescenta, Cal., December 30 Robert Whitaker

No Vine Leaves

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am moved to write this personal word by the comment on *The Nation* by Heywood Broun in the issue of January 2. I do not regard it as "sheer tragedy that one of the ablest progressive editors in America is a total abstainer." What we need in connection with changed policies and the progress of the social order is not comment by brains that are muddled or marred by cocktails or what not, but more that has the clearness of thinking which makes courage a real asset and not a liability. Highballs in the stomach and vine leaves in the hair will never raise the influence or power of *The Nation,* whatever it may do to its circulation.

I would like to say also that I believe that any progressive polity is greatly strengthened if you can put it in terms of humor. I often wish there were a column or a half column of humor in *The Nation* apart from the drollery which the Drifter sometimes uses.

Oak Park, Ill., January 7 Ernest Bourner Allen

From Delaware

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I want to stress emphatically my dissent from the criticisms in recent issues as to what is the matter with *The Nation.* It is not a local New York paper, nor does it lose anything by reason of having an editor with the manners of a gentleman, Heywood Broun to the contrary notwithstanding. But at least I can congratulate Mr. Broun on his current article as to the causes of the Civil War: that is masterly. By way of comment, not criticism, I have to admit that I can't understand *The Nation's* poetry. If a dozen or so editors connected with it knew a little more of economics I don't think they would feel so pessimistic and I am sure they wouldn't put out such weird varieties of rhymed things. Simple blacksmith as I am I could write better poetry than that myself, and I do, and I wouldn't think of having it published.

Arden, Delaware, January 8 Frank Stephens

A Correction

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to correct a slight error in your paper of recent date. William Larimer Mellon, banker, born in Pittsburgh, son of James Ross and Rachel H. Mellon, is not a brother of Andrew William Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury.

Galena, Kansas, January 8 Roy Hopping

Mr. Callahan

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Jack Callahan's work on the Bridgewater phase of the Sacco-Vanzetti case merits, I feel you will agree with me, commendation of a very high order. It was he who found two of the men in the attempted robbery, and who procured confessions from them. I take it for granted that the omission of his name from *The Nation's* honor roll for 1928 was a quite unintentional oversight.

New York, January 11 Silas Bent

[We are glad to give recognition to Mr. Callahan's work. Also we wish to correct a typographical error in *The Nation's* Honor Roll. The Trade Union Delegation to Russia was erroneously described as the Trade Delegation to Russia.—Editor The Nation.]

Oxford and Harvard

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your article entitled Harvard's New Plan in your number of December 5 you say of the "teaching system" in Oxford and Cambridge that it is "one in which almost the whole burden is laid upon the tutors." May I point out that perhaps the chief reason for what success the tutorial system (instituted about fifty years ago, I believe, under Jowett) has had at Oxford lies in the fact that the fundamental psychology behind it is the contrary of what you assume. The unconscious attitude of Oxford is that education is not something that is done to people but something that happens inside them; that it is therefore impossible to *teach* anybody anything; that people only *learn* things; that the burden is upon the learner. It is basically nobody's business to teach anybody anything in Oxford. The real business of everybody in Oxford, including the dons, is to learn.

May I also point out what I feel to be a danger in your suggestion as to residence in the new house or hall at Harvard that "plainly it ought to be restricted to honor students." Does this not smack of intellectual snobbery rather than intellectual freedom? In Oxford, the distinction between a student "reading an honor school" and one "reading a pass school" is neither social nor residential; it is entirely intellectual.

New York, December 15 Joseph Brewer

ESSAY PRIZE

April 1, 1929, is the closing date for the receipt of the 3,600-word essay on the subject of "What Is Making for War with England?" in The Nation's *$150 prize competition. For full details of the competition see last week's issue or address Prize Essay Editor,* The Nation.

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Books, Music, Plays

First Death

By HELEN PEARCE

He laid his head upon the breast,
He spoke in soothing tone,
He startled by his fierce caress,
And swiftly snapped a bone,

Methodically his hand moved on
While with his lips he kissed,
He bruised the unresisting arm
And snapped the brittle wrist,

With breast and hands quite powerless,
He sealed the mouth from cries,
Immersed his hands in frightened blood
And marked the shivering thighs,

He broke through flesh with skilful ease
As through the heads of flowers,
Stripped off the blue wings of the heart,
And petals fell in showers.

Then with supreme ferocity
Satyric in his mirth,
Lifted the body by its stem,
And from its roots shook earth.

A Law Against War

War as an Instrument of National Policy and Its Renunciation in the Pact of Paris. By James T. Shotwell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

The Peace Pact of Paris. A Study of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty. By David Hunter Miller. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

THESE two books, while mainly concerned with the same subject, treat the subject in different ways. Professor Shotwell prefaces his discussion of the Pact of Paris with a review of the progress that seems to him to have been made in establishing a basis for world peace, and restates the familiar arguments by which the opponents of war have sought to support their position. Those who agree that war can be done away with, or, to use the familiar term, outlawed, by international agreements of a self-denying character will find their opinions fortified and their faith strengthened by the generally hopeful tone of what Professor Shotwell has to say. On the other hand, the skeptics who doubt the ability of conferences or treaties to work a radical change in human nature, or who insist upon laying counsels of perfection alongside certain obvious facts of the everyday world, will put down Professor Shotwell's book with a feeling that it is, on the whole, more encouraging than convincing.

The picture of a warless world which Professor Shotwell skilfully draws is open to two rather fundamental criticisms, neither of which he appears fully to meet. The first is that the outlawry of war, in any sense in which such an idea can be clothed with reality, presupposes the existence of a recognized legal authority whose business it is to enforce, or try to enforce, the ban. "Who, for example," Professor Shotwell urges, "would say that the Prohibition Amendment of the United States was not a formal outlawry of the saloon and the liquor trade, although it has not wholly prevented the use of intoxicants?" The statement is true enough, but its truth is not the whole truth. The Prohibition Amendment does outlaw the saloon and the liquor trade, but such practical effectiveness as it has, for those who may be disposed to flout it, is due solely to the fact that the outlawry can be enforced by such accepted methods as abating the saloon and putting the seller of liquor in jail, and to the further fact that the courts that adjudge the penalties are backed by the physical force of police, federal agents, and the navy. Where, the critic feels constrained to ask, is the authority or the force that can deal with a nation which defies the opinion of other nations and elects to go to war? It is not recalled that Italy was at any time in danger of being taken by the throat when Corfu was seized, nor is it clear that any nation would relish the task of trying conclusions with Japan if that Power should decide to oppose by force the Chinese claims in Manchuria. Does Professor Shotwell himself imagine that, without courts and police and a navy, all of them universally recognized as proper instruments of law enforcement, the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and the enactment of the Volstead Act would have made so much as a dent in the saloon or the liquor trade?

A second criticism, and one that is several times suggested by Professor Shotwell's book, is the assumption that the present agitation for the abolition of war represents a real expression of public opinion. The critic who, without loving war or wishing ever to see another armed conflict, nevertheless finds himself unable to describe a whirl of dust or snow in Central Park as a sandstorm or a blizzard may well question whether the movement of which Professor Shotwell is so well known a champion has as yet passed beyond the stage of highly organized and substantially financed propaganda. Over against the eloquent protestations of M. Briand the man in the street will be likely to set French militarism and the continued maintenance of some thousands of foreign troops in Germany; British acquiescence in the Kellogg proposal will look different to him when he remembers that the parts of the world in which Britain claims a special interest are explicitly reserved; and he will balance the Paris Pact with President Coolidge's demand for a rehabilitated navy and the elaborate plans for mobilizing American industry for war.

It should in fairness be said that Professor Shotwell is not blind to the limitations of the Paris Pact, and does not expect that it will at once rid the world of war. Mr. Miller, who also believes firmly in the pact, appears to take the same cautious view. Professor Shotwell, however, inclines to the opinion that the weaknesses of the pact are not serious. Mr. Miller, on the other hand, is more critical. He goes in great detail into the history of the document, points out unsparingly its defects of form and substance, criticizes sharply the ineptitudes of the Department of State in the negotiations, and bluntly affirms, in opposition to Secretary Kellogg, that the reservations of the signatory Powers are as much to be reckoned with as is the text of the agreement itself. "Everything that the parties themselves agreed that the treaty means, it does mean." Both writers are in accord in predicting that the pact will practically abolish neutrality and give the vexed question of freedom of the seas a new turn, and that the United States and the League of Nations will have to work in close harmony. Mr. Miller is careful to say that the adoption of the treaty will not necessarily "bring about American membership in the League," but he is clear that the treaty "facilitates such entry and advances its date." The world, in other words, will have a better hope of peace, but the path of America to Geneva and the Hague will also have been smoothed.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

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Exploration

The Strange Necessity. Essays by Rebecca West. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

MISS WEST took a walk in Paris one day that turned out to be an excursion in criticism. Pondering over the badness of a poem by James Joyce, which she had just purchased in a bookshop, she was led to consider the strange necessity of art. The intricate process by which she reached certain conclusions is more interesting than the conclusions themselves. Appropriately enough in the city of Proust and upon a theme inspired by Joyce, her meditations take the form of a free reverie that follows up any promising association of ideas and is controlled throughout by a mood. The result is as delightful and sometimes as unexpected, in the vistas it opens up and the sudden corners it turns, as an actual stroll in Paris. And the destination—the critical judgments we finally reach—looks as familiar as the Louvre coming into view across the river, after we have almost lost ourselves in devious streets on the Left Bank. The essay has value not so much because it communicates ideas as because it infects us with Miss West's own mood of excited exploration; and in that mood familiar ideas renew their interest.

Art, she points out, proceeds from the necessity of matching one's fantasy with reality. Artists have an experimental passion to compel things into forms and patterns that are concentrated arguments concerning reality and their opinion of it. Art and science are both ways of finding out about the universe. Miss West draws many analogies between the experiments artists conduct in exploring the world and those Dr. Pavlov conducted upon his famous dogs. The cortex makes a selection from the stimuli presented to it in bewildering profusion, and performs a work of analysis and then of synthesis, resulting in an excitatory complex. But so does art, which may be regarded as a super-cortex, functioning for the race. A dog can get along somehow without his cortex in the special conditions of the laboratory, but he bumps about a good deal. And human beings can get along without art, but at the price of clumsy blundering. Art is a necessity, not a delightful superfluity. Novels—Miss West talks more of fiction than of the other arts—often give us the sense that something has been investigated and found out and set down for all time; and from this we derive the same sort of pleasure as from a successful scientific experiment. Forty years ago Zola developed the idea of the novelist as scientific experimenter, and was criticized for failing to consider that the guinea pigs and chemicals of the laboratory are not governed in their responses by the desires and emotions of the experimenter; whereas characters in a novel do what the author wants them to do and prove what he wants them to prove. Miss West's answer to this objection has to be tracked down through the convolutions of reverie, where syllogisms and fallacies are in hiding. But it is something like this: All of us can use in fantasy psychological mechanisms we do not employ in actuality. The novelist who has an emotional experience in actual situations can open other doors in his mind, revealing rooms with different furnishings; the emotions he has had will serve him in imagining how it would be to live there. Miss West shows how the emotions in actual relationships of Benjamin Constant and Proust authenticate the imagined experiences of their characters. This proves that the proceedings of people in fiction are not what the author chooses but are strictly determined by his emotional constitution. As he is using mechanisms common to all of us, he may be considered to be reconstructing the experiences of actual people. His record of the behavior of imaginary people in a book is "as sound a guide to the understanding of real people in the real world outside a book as the record of the behavior of real dogs in a laboratory is to the understanding of real dogs outside a laboratory." This is very dubious. Suppose Professor Pavlov to have a fixation upon his mother. like Proust. Would the response of the salivary glands of his dogs to a food stimulus be affected by this neurotic attachment? The experiments of the Prousts, Gides, Joyces, Dostoevskis are abundantly suggestive. Take them as sound guides in our relations with people, and the results may be more exciting than happy.

Walking in Paris and thinking about Proust and Joyce must be injurious to sentence structure. The difficulty of deciphering some of Miss West's sentences is due partly to inexcusably careless proofreading and partly to a disregard of agreement between verbs and subjects and pronouns and antecedents that is confusing in sentences of Proustian proportions. One remark about a paleolithic artist may be used to illustrate the not infrequent obscurities. It is short enough to quote. "The artist had noticed that the sight of a charging bison on boys climbing a cliff for wild honey or a pregnant woman caused a certain emotion in him." What is one to do with this prehistoric pregnant woman: Is the bison charging her, or are the boys accepting her as an alternative for wild honey, or is the artist looking at her?

The other essays in the volume, for the most part reprinted book reviews, are unevenly interesting. Their wit is sometimes marred by touches of journalistic smartness. But one entitled The Classic Artist is a very discerning appreciation of Willa Cather's work, and incidentally of D. H. Lawrence's.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

A Puritan Priest

Cotton Mather: Keeper of the Puritan Conscience. By Ralph and Louise Boas. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

IT is a source of wonder to me that a problem in psychology so fascinating as Cotton Mather should not before this have caught the attention of a Freudian biographer. No man in our early annals is a sharper challenge to biographical intelligence, and none certainly is more adequately documented. In the way of materials there is the amazing diary—a carefully polished mirror reflecting the ambitions, aspirations, and furtive fears of a much-troubled soul—which to a student of rationalizations and complexes and inhibitions is a rich treasure trove. In its naive self-revelation and shameless candor it is a document to delight the sophisticated of both sexes. Much given to self-analysis, with a finger always on his spiritual pulse, and living in God's world as in a clinic, Cotton Mather was as ignorant of his deeper nature—of the curious animal that calls himself man—as any sixteen-year-old girl. The offspring of Adam and the child of God were fused in him so intimately, the promptings of the flesh and the aspirations of the spirit were so intertwined, that it was beyond the subtleties of his Calvinistic theology to disentangle the saint from the wrappings of the natural man. The thinnest line divided his religious mysticism and his sexual impulses; and if he could have realized how very thin it was he would have been plunged into the blackest depths of despair. Happily not realizing it he could pass in all sincerity from a warm uxoriousness to passionate wrestlings with God over the sins of the world. He could care tenderly for a sick wife and after her death record in his diary how fortunate it was that he had not lately shared her bed, for he must certainly have suffered in health from the contact. Only a very honest man and a very naive priest could have set down such a comment for the edification of posterity.

Given so full and authentic a record of Cotton Mather's

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emotional life, stuffed with plentiful evidences of a sick soul, the problem of the biographer becomes one of relating that record to the known activities of the man who lived and labored in Boston in the days of the transition from a theocracy to a royal colony. To deal adequately with such a problem the biographer must be at once a competent psychologist and a careful antiquarian. He must be able to interpret the subtlest vagaries of conduct and he must enter into Cotton Mather's world as a familiar. In both these fields the present biographers are quietly at home and the figure that takes shape under their pencil is as real and illogical as life itself. The man who was a hopeless puzzle to himself becomes a very natural—if unhealthy—human being, the unconscious victim of explosive emotional conflicts. Acts and traits that puzzled his earlier biographers here fall into place and confirm the perspective. Take, for example, the case of his third wife, who disfigured the pages of his diary. The startled husband, accustomed to pious docility in his spouse, and unable to understand her emotional impulses, was convinced that she was mad; and mad she has come down to us in the pages of his biographers—an instance of God's inscrutable visitation on a faithful servant. But interpreted in the clear light of the evidence Lydia Mather seems rather to have been a passionate woman, who resenting the coldness of an aging husband and finding her ardent advances—*flagrantissima,* he stigmatizes them in the diary—ungraciously received, flew into a temper and messed up the papers that kept him too much from her. A woman is likely to have her own opinion of a husband who seems fonder of God than of his wife.

In these pleasantly written pages psychology is skilfully used to explain the seeming contradictions of Cotton Mather's neurotic character. Living in the shadow of his father's reputation, from the beginning of his career he was thrown on the defensive. That he should have developed an inferiority complex was natural enough, and in view of the difficulties and jealousies amidst which the Mathers labored, it was equally natural that he should have developed a lusty persecution complex. But Cotton Mather was a priest of the theocracy as well as a man, and aggravated by a passionate professional pride such a complex came to assume cosmic proportions. Given to confusing God's will with his own he would easily believe that the enemies who were thwarting his labors were striking at his God through him, and with God's interests at stake it was not easy to be calm. Hence the passionate outcries and the passionate, though unconscious, egoism.

The present volume is a study that one reader, at least, finds much to delight in. It is detached yet sympathetic, and the Cotton Mather who emerges would seem to have been a better Christian than has been often thought. If there is any inadequacy it lies perhaps in the failure to differentiate the minister from the man. Too little attention has been given to the psychology of the priest. The professional good man suffers his own special temptations. In constantly seeking to measure up in public to the ideal, there is always the temptation to pose, to appear holier than human flesh may be; and in New England in Mather's time such power and influence flowed from exalted priestly reputation that the temptation was likely to prove irresistible. Cotton Mather was certainly not a hypocrite, but the professional goodness of the priest was so persistently exploited that too often he seems no more than a meddlesome cad. Not a great man, not honestly likable, this child of a decadent Calvinism had most of the virtues and all the faults of the priestly training and profession. The natural man understands with difficulty the strange religious egoism that sets the individual soul at the center of the cosmos and turns God into a parish beadle to tap erring children on the shoulder—which is only another way of saying that to the natural man Cotton Mather remains something of an enigma.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON

The Indian Lands

Desert Drums. By Leo Crane. Little, Brown and Company, $5.

LEO CRANE was superintendent of the Southern Pueblos Agency in New Mexico until April, 1922, when he was transferred for "administrative reasons." This administrative measure became necessary after Mr. Crane had incurred the displeasure of Secretary Fall's daughter-in-law, who had been installed in Crane's office at Albuquerque as "financial clerk." The financial clerk was established in quarters rented and furnished for her comfort at an expense which considerably exceeded her year's salary; she demanded the combination to Mr. Crane's safe and wished to disburse the moneys; she came to the office when she felt like it, and left when she chose. Appropriations voted by Congress for the benefit of the Pueblo Indians made it possible for this expensive clerk to be added to Mr. Crane's office force. But the offices seemed a bit crowded after the financial clerk came. So Mr. Crane was transferred to South Dakota—for administrative reasons. (It was at this time that the Teapot Dome leases were signed.)

Some time after the arrival of the new financial clerk, Secretary Fall visited Albuquerque to satisfy himself that she was comfortable. During the Secretary's visit, Mr. Crane discussed with him some problems of discipline and administration which had grown out of an attempt at murder at Santo Domingo Pueblo. Mr. Fall decided that Crane's vigorous efficiency might "embarrass the policies" of the Department of the Interior. But, thought Mr. Fall, the Pueblo land questions should be "clarified"; that was the way to approach such difficulties. So Mr. Bursum, who inherited Fall's seat in the Senate, brought forth a famous bill which bore his name. The Bursum bill was warmly espoused by the Secretary of the Interior, not only as a boon to the Pueblos, but as an "administrative measure." Briefly, this bill would have allowed scores of squatters on the choicest of Pueblo lands to buy them at a price fixed by their own courts, and the Indians could not refuse to sell. In many cases purchase would be quite unnecessary; the squatters' claims would be held valid. The squatters were, of course, voters; the Indians were not.

Fortunately for the Pueblos, a great wave of indignation and opposition to this bill arose and completely demolished it—a prophetic rumble of the storm that was destined later to toss the good ship Department of Interior and its piratical captain on a turbulent—though oily—sea.

"Desert Drums" is a splendid picture of the New Mexican Pueblos, a picture painted skilfully upon the background of almost four centuries of history. The early Spanish *conquistadores,* the Franciscan *padres,* the colonists from Old Mexico, the American occupation since 1849 provide a colorful and striking setting for a story of the Pueblos of today. There is, however, almost no account of the aboriginal culture of these village people in this work; Mr. Crane truly says that he had no time for ethnology. His business was to direct the local activities of a government bent on Americanizing Indians. He had to provide schools and put the children in them (often with a show or threat of force), suppress liquor, dig wells, provide medical attention, make a census of births and deaths, assist with legal difficulties and land leases, worry about live stock which trespassed on Pueblo lands, and, occasionally, maintain law and order.

Land and water are the most important factors in the Pueblo situation, Mr. Crane believes; the Indians think so too. Mr. Crane also thinks that schools, sanitation, and hygiene are almost as important; here many Indians disagree with him violently. That is because of their ancient religion; the Pueblos

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have their own medicine-men, and they feel quite competent to educate their own children. Almost no man or woman in the Indian service has any adequate knowledge of Pueblo customs and beliefs—and feelings. This means that Indian agents are dealing with powers which remain concealed and which they do not understand; many are even unaware of their existence. Mr. Crane knew that something lay back of the screen which was hung before his eyes, but he did not know what it was. An adequate understanding of Pueblo ideas and ideals would unquestionably make the Indian service more effective and beneficent. But only a boundless optimism could hope for this.

Mr. Crane's style is vivid and forceful. His narrative is frequently flavored with episodes drawn from his rich store of personal experience. I know of no better introduction to the Pueblos of New Mexico (ethnology omitted), from 1540 to the present, than "Desert Drums." LESLIE A. WHITE

Poetry and Wit

The Great Enlightenment. By Lee Wilson Dodd. Harper and Brothers. $2.

POETRY, itself largely an art of magic, is not supposed to flourish freely in an age of disillusion. In such an epoch wit has its bright metallic day. But, as Pope long ago bore witness, poetry and wit are not irreconcilable. And our own age offers enough miscellaneous pretense and stupidity to make handsome materials of satire. Lee Wilson Dodd knows his age and his Pope. The title poem of this collection, and far and away the best thing in it, is a brilliant piece of satirical comment on the characteristic moods of the present age. It is, moreover, not simply an imitation of the Pope manner. It has a very considerable degree of the Pope quality of etched insight, of cadences, finished and exact, of rapier thrusts and chiseled mockery. It is subtle, sensible, and beautiful. Its lines are so inevitable that one wonders nobody ever thought of them before. It is so sensitive and distinguished that one knows well enough why.

This "didactic essay in verse" canvasses the whole of contemporary wisdom. It pokes into the very ribs of behaviorism, and makes the reader wriggle with delight. It gives a picture, accurate and hilarious, of the whole metaphysics of mechanico-disillusion, of Bertrand Russell, of Santayana, of the new physics. It examines the current literati, "with their loud laryngeal fits of mindless mind." It spikes at one fell couplet fundamentalism and liberalism in theology. It invokes the shade of Pope to bring his finished art and "infinite good sense" to the exposure of the present age in which

> Hell's psychiatric clinic is let out,
> Our wits now swarm from Bedlam and our wise
> Stare at each other with a wild surmise.

It points to

> . . . the mind with its own maggots soiled,
> Whose only virtue now's to be hard boiled,
> Tough fibered, fatuous, cynically pert,
> Unwarmed by sunshine, undismayed by dirt,
> Stolid toward beauty and anesthetized
> To all that Socrates or Plato prized,
> To all Isaiah dreamed of, Jesus knew,
> To all the ineffable bloom of life, the dew
> Upon hope's rose, the luster, the pure gleam,
> Of spirit caught from Spirit, stream from Stream.

Various writers, including the present one, are fond of pointing out that a literary generation is always about fifty years behind the times, intellectually. It uses imaginatively ideas that are beginning to fade in the seminar and the laboratory. Mr. Dodd speaks by the book of contemporaneity, but he sees how contemporary it is. His is a civilized and urbane mind with enough sense of historic proportion not to believe that the latest thinkers are, because latest, the best. He has written a fine poem and a salutary satire. It is hereby recommended to all who have been living without skepticism among current dogmas.

The remainder of the volume is of an excellent competence, but lacks just that touch and finish and energy that makes "The Great Enlightenment" distinguished. One is led to admire a talent that does not repine—nor should the critic—that it is not genius. IRWIN EDMAN

Fiction Shorts

The Coming of the Lord. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

On reading this book one is quite prepared to accept it as an intelligent, competent, and not uninteresting picture of small-town life in the wastes of the South African veldt. The account of the encampment of the Kaffir horde, a self-appointed band of black Levites waiting patiently for the coming of the Lord, is done very skilfully, for the author knows her native milieu well enough not to have to strain it for an effective setting. But when the blurb contains a quotation from a New York critic who tells us seriously that Mrs. Millin's work possesses qualities not only equal but superior to those in either "The Way of All Flesh" or "Of Human Bondage," then the essential banality of the book, the uninspired handling of the characters, particularly in the weak and unconvincing love theme, and the thoroughly undistinguished prose, all flame into painful prominence.

The Way It Was With Them. By Peadar O'Donnell. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

A quiet, dramatic account of the brave struggle for life on a barren island of the west coast of Ireland. Mr. O'Donnell writes a prose which has its own peculiar rhythm and terse beauty. With a tender but unsentimental understanding of the islanders, he creates characters which are singularly alive and sympathetic, and although invested with no false picturesque glamor, they are drawn with a fine imagination that extracts all that is beautiful and heroic in their unequal battle with the sea. At times the book seems just a bit too thin, too obvious in its simplicity.

A Brood of Ducklings. By Frank Swinnerton. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

This volume raises no more pertinent question than the ancient one of how soon an author should be done away with after he has written the one good book of which he is capable. For "A Brood of Ducklings" is startling in its total absence of the qualities which distinguished "Nocturne." Where the earlier work had sharpness of form, beauty and significance, this is a prolix, dull, written-to-order affair which could have been done by any one of a hundred other English writers.

Against the Sun. By Godfrey Elton. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

Another philosophical novel by the author of "The Testament of Dominic Burleigh." It is the story of a brilliant young English M.P. who loses his wife and spends the remaining months of his own life in searching for that accidental death which he feels will consummate his love. The book contains glimpses of British party intrigue, and contrasting character portraits of Aubrey Trumble, the perfect scholar who has wilfully detached himself from all emotion and pain, and Mrs. Hamp, one of those inevitable and priceless English housekeep-

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ers whose every sentence is a judgment on life. But principally the story is a record of the philosophical broodings and questionings in the hero's mind as he searches for the ultimate meaning of life and love. Mr. Elton writes well and manages somehow to lend warmth and color to his characters even when they are most abstract.

Six Moral Tales from Jules Laforgue. Translated with an Introduction by Frances Newman. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

They do not wear very well, these ironic travesties which once aroused the mad applause of such critics as Huneker and Arthur Symons. Laforgue's self-conscious artifice, his lunar mockery, his wit and elegance and calculated thin obscenities bear too obviously the stamp of the left-wing French symbolist movement which was dead by the beginning of the century. Frances Newman's introduction is as clever as any of the six fantasies she so beautifully translated; yet, admirable as is her argument, it merely serves to make clear her own anomalous position in contemporary literature. Frances Newman was unquestionably born too late; like Laforgue's, hers was a completely literary intellect and in the Paris of 1885 or the London of the *Yellow Book* it would have found its natural home.

Short Stories from Vanity Fair. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

Containing brief tales by Molnar, Colette, Thomas Burke, Robert Benchley, Sherwood Anderson, and others. Not one of these "short short-stories"—except those by Mr. Anderson—deserves inclusion between book covers. It is interesting, however, to note one fact: as far as the literature of pure fabrication is concerned, "the machine-made story," Americans and Europeans are equally efficient. The O. Henry blight is obviously not confined to our own country.

The Silver Thorn. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Mr. Walpole deserts his duchesses to contemplate the lives of the defeated, the mildly unfortunate, and the nondescript. His most ambitious effort, The Tiger, a fantastic tale of a timid Englishman overpowered by the maelstrom of New York traffic, does not quite come off. He is at his best in such a study as that of the amorous and unlucky old canon in A Silly Old Fool. The stories are for the most part thinly and even trivially motivated; but this very avoidance of larger motifs give Mr. Walpole a chance to exploit his clever talent for catching the beauty and significance of minutiae.

Under the Yew, or, The Gambler Transformed. By Robert Nichols. Covici-Friede, Inc. $2.

Like the poetry of Mr. Nichols, this allegorical *conte* in the eighteenth-century manner has as many moments of noble failure as of brilliant success. The elucidation of the central theme—the mystic conversion of the soul of a gambler—is not as convincing as it might be had Mr. Nichols chosen to work on a broader canvas; on the other hand, there are elements in the book of undeniable power. The reproduction of the curt elegance of eighteenth-century prose is more than merely clever and the tense atmosphere of the gaming table is conveyed with unrelenting passion. Mr. Nichols's work, whether in prose or poetry, is always so interesting that one wonders at its comparative neglect, particularly by American readers.

The Vicar's Daughter. By E. H. Young. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

It is with regret that one confesses Miss Young's latest serene and sly study of English family life to be inferior to "William." Unfortunately, she has seen fit to introduce into

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My Autobiography—Mussolini
Hows & Whys of Human Behavior—Dorsey
Magic Island—Seabrook
Whither Mankind—Beard
Hunger Fighters—De Kruif
Why We Misbehave—Schmalhausen
The Buck in the Snow—Millay
Angel That Troubled Waters—Wilder
Tule Marsh Murder—Mavity
Enter Sir John—Dane & Simpson
Eye of Osiris—Austin Freeman
How the Old Woman Got Home—M. P. Shiel
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"The Vicar's Daughter" a disturbing plot that bobs up just when one is settling down to enjoy her lightly satiric conversations or her Thackerayan paragraphs in which she etches the weaknesses of her charming characters. Miss Young should try, as far as that is possible, to get along with the minimum of intrigue, for preeminently she is a novelist of manners—and, what is even rarer, of good manners. C. P. F.

Music

Bloch's "America"

"O AMERICA! because you build for mankind, I build for you"—such is the inscription on the title-page of Mr. Ernest Bloch's latest composition, an "epic rhapsody for orchestra." Mr. Bloch is a musician of proved worth and integrity, and as such commands the interest of a goodly portion of our music-going public. His symphony "Israel" has recently come into its own, and found for itself an important place in our concert repertoire. In this most recent work he has set for himself a task of almost impossible dimensions, a goal of bewildering elusiveness. To make concrete a vision, to paint a tonal record of what America has meant and might mean—what transcendent inspiration is implied in such a labor! Can a man who has only lately become American fully grasp that vision? Is he sufficiently of the soil to venture on such an interpretation? Moreover, is it possible to portray in terms of tone that spirit of ideality which we like to think represents America at her best? Many composers have tried to give us an interpretation of some element in our very polyglot national life; has any work been brought forth that can be called truly American? Such questions are suggested by the first production of this new rhapsody. How, then, has Mr. Bloch, with his fine technique, his earnestness of spirit, as well as his experience in racial exposition, attempted to solve this problem?

In the first place, the composer has had recourse to the historical method, dividing his rhapsody into three sections: (1) 1620—the Soil, the Indians, England, the Mayflower, the Landing of the Pilgrims; (2) 1861-1865—the Civil War, Hours of Joy, Hours of Sadness; (3) 1926—the Present and the Future (the storm and stress of today, and the greatness of the days to come). Throughout these episodic divisions there is a limited usage of leading motifs (such as the trumpet call of America to the nations of the world) combined with elaborate quotation from American folk and national songs. Finally, the rhapsody achieves its climax in the shape of a new national anthem to be sung by chorus and audience with orchestral background. On such foundations Mr. Bloch has devised and woven an orchestral fabric of masterly constructive excellence. Moreover, he has apparently achieved the impossible in molding highly diversified and episodic material into one continuous whole, thus avoiding the semblance of what so easily might have become merely pot-pourri.

But while admiring Mr. Bloch's constructive skill, at the same time we cannot but frankly take issue with his patchwork-quilt usage of folk and national song material. Undoubtedly the period appropriateness of many of these refrains appealed to his sense of the picturesque; but he seems to have overlooked the fact that not even his superlative orchestral eloquence can make "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Yankee Doodle," and other similar tunes worthy members of a serious symphonic composition. Musically speaking Americans do not take these old favorites seriously, and it cannot be denied that Mr. Bloch's extensive use of this sort of material gives a decidedly Rotarian flavor to his rhapsody. This is all the more regrettable

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since his use of Indian and English motifs, especially in part one, is of rich effectiveness.

As we proceed in our examination of this highly diversified work, it becomes more and more evident that the composer in his zeal to present an ideal concept has failed to find the true inspirational means of such exposition. We may with justice question what element or combination of elements in this composition justly presents the ideals emerging from Walt Whitman's poetry, with which Mr. Bloch has prefaced the entire rhapsody. The trumpet theme, America's call to the world, has a wholesomely positive note of challenge; but, on the other hand, there is a good deal of aimless dramatic gesturing throughout the three divisions, and the interlarding of jazz in the last movement is not felicitous or convincing. (If this is a "jazz age," and must be so depicted, let us at least keep it out of an ideal symphonic study.) Finally, in the anthem which comes as the apotheosis of the rhapsody, and toward which every note and bar has been dimly groping, the composer has fallen farthest from his goal. The melody per se has simplicity, but neither the grandeur nor the elemental epic power that a good national air should possess. Moreover, as has been generally remarked, it has striking resemblance to a mawkish tune of the nineties dead a decade or two ago.

When all is said, however, praise must be given to Mr. Bloch for the lofty spirit in which he has made the attempt to embody in orchestral guise much that is precious in our American tradition and hope for the future. We need, artistically speaking, to become more nationally conscious, and experiments of this kind should reveal more clearly what there is in our national life and ideas capable of tonal interpretation and translation. Meanwhile, we are well assured that Mr. Bloch's genius, satisfied in having made such an experiment, will turn toward paths more truly conducive to its fullest development.

LAWRENCE ADLER

Drama

Cross-Section

WHEN, some years ago, Elmer Rice wrote "The Adding Machine" he adopted the "expressionistic" technique in an effort to heighten the effect of the drab story which he had to tell. He dehumanized his central character by making him into something more like a symbol than an individual, and he did so in order to suggest why he thought the story of a cipher worth telling at all. The life of one human zero would seem to be a futile subject for a play, but if you can manage to suggest that he stands for thousands, that he is, perhaps, the most representative human being which it is possible to find, then he may seem to be worth a little attention, after all. Mathematicians may tell us that zero is still zero even after it has been multiplied by infinity, that the sum of the series $0 + 0 + 0 + 0$ is 0, but naturalism as an artistic creed exists in defiance of mathematics, for it is, essentially, the proposal to keep adding nothing to nothing until you get something as a result.

Now "The Adding Machine" was one of the few expressionistic plays which succeeded at least to the extent of producing a novel effect, and there is no doubt that the technique which it employed is the logical extreme of the naturalistic method. Once you begin to choose incidents or characters, not because they are in themselves either strange or significant, but merely because they are typical; once you begin to make your characters do the things which are most often done and say the things which are most often said by the greatest number of persons; then there is no natural limit to the generalizing processes until you come to the point where the individual is completely lost in the type, where his actions are stereotyped and his conversations a series of clichés. If your person is important chiefly because there are so many of him and your happening important chiefly because it happens so often, then the tendency to end with a symbol of utter banality is almost irresistible.

Under the circumstances there is nothing for a "naturalist" to do except to decide whether or not and just where he will establish an arbitrary limit; to determine for himself how much individuality he can afford to allow his characters to maintain, and how unusual he can afford to let their actions be if he is still to suggest that the real significance of his play lies in the fact that it is typical of some large section of human life. Evidently Mr. Rice has now decided that the limit lies somewhere this side of expressionism, since his admirably executed play "Street Scene" (Playhouse) stops just short of the point where his scene, his events, and his dramatis personae would all be symbols.

The entire action takes place in front of a typical New York tenement. The intent is to present a cross-section of the life in such a metropolitan microcosm and the curtain rises upon a neighborly group on the front steps exchanging platitudes about the heat. Presently the janitor deposits the ash-can upon the sidewalk, a boy on roller-skates shouts to his mother on the third floor for a dime to buy an ice-cream cone, and by a dozen such trivial incidents the rhythm of tenement existence is established. For a time we admire the accuracy with which these routine events are mimicked, but as the play proceeds the stress is laid more and more upon the more individual aspects of the house's inhabitants. Before mere recognition has palled as a source of pleasure various little domestic dramas begin to emerge; then the attention is gradually focused more and more upon one of them; and the play reaches its climax with one of the most intense bits of melodrama done upon the stage for a long time past—a scene of violence which makes even a hardened playgoer grip his seat and stifle the involuntary and agonized "Don't, don't!" which he is about to shriek across the footlights. The events which lead up to it are artfully managed, the tension grows tighter and tighter as the moment approaches, and the scene itself is as vivid as such a scene can possibly be.

One may distrust the "slice" or the "cross-section" of life. One may doubt, as I certainly do, the ultimate importance of this particular kind of naturalism as a dramatic method. But one cannot doubt Mr. Rice's remarkable mastery of it. He has the gift of mimicry as few writers have it, and he is remarkably successful in introducing the innumerable little touches which bring the smile of recognition. In addition he knows, far better than most who have a creed, how to build a suspense and hold the interest of an audience by those technical devices which seem common to all forms of theatrically successful drama. "Street Scene" may not be a great play judged by any absolute standards, but it is one of the most individual and striking of the season.

In "Lady Deadlock" (Ambassador Theater) Margaret Anglin gives an interesting performance in a dual role. Unfortunately, however, the play is a ponderous dramatization of "Bleak House."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"The Lady from Alfaqueque," at the Civic Repertory Theater, is a sunny Spanish comedy of sentimentalities, which Miss Alma Kruger saves from insignificance by a delicate yet solid performance. On the same program, for contrast, is "On the High Road," one of Chekhov's early plays which out-Russias Russia. In spite of good acting and able direction, its dark coincidence is not convincing.

M. M.

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International Relations Section

Spanish Kol Nidre: 1928

By ARTHUR HERMAN

ON the eve of the twenty-fourth of September I attended the Day of Atonement services of the Jews of Barcelona. My thoughts went back four hundred years to other Kol Nidres, held underground, in palpitant tensity and fear of the Inquisition. I saw the subterranean synagogues, the Jewish catacombs; the gloom, made more sepulchral by the flickering tapers; the overwrought faces, the nervous swaying forms. I heard the soul-purging chant of the Kol Nidre with its burden: "All the vows we have taken during the past year above ground, vows of religious fealty to the state-church, are herewith rendered void and of no account."

From 1492, when Ferdinand and Isabella, Catholic sovereigns, and their Grand Inquisitor banished the Jews from Spain, by royal decree, to comparatively recent times Jews in Spain did not openly confess their faith.

And what of the modern Kol Nidre? The place of worship was the large living-room on the first floor of what had been an attractive private dwelling. In the center, the cantor's desk. Encircled about this, several rows of closely packed chairs. At the eastern wall, a severe cabinet containing the holy scrolls. There was little to distinguish this hall of worship from thousands of such places rented by the Jews of America for their chief holidays.

The worshipers, perhaps one hundred and fifty, represented many nations: Jews from France and Germany, Switzerland and Austria, Poland and Russia, the Balkans, the Levant, and Asia Minor. They were well dressed and appeared materially comfortable enough. The traditional Hispano-Portuguese ritual and pronunciation prevailed and the services droned tamely to a conclusion. Dull and prosaic and as spiritually lifeless as the average American one.

* * * * *

I was ushered into the private office of a prosperous Barcelona Jew. He received me with kindness, though with reserve, circumspection, faint uneasiness. He had come from France to Spain twenty-two years before, among the first.

"How did you happen to come to me and where did you learn that I was Jewish?" he asked. I gave him the source of my information and he appeared to be satisfied. I then asked him for a résumé of the Jewish situation in Spain.

"Here in Barcelona," he began, "we estimate that there are nearly a thousand Jews. In Madrid there are two hundred; in Seville, a handful; in Palma, Majorca, perhaps three or four. There may be a few others scattered here and there. For the most part they are small merchants, peddlers, tailors, a few manufacturers of machinery and chemicals, several doctors. The majority manage to make a living; but there is no great wealth among our people here.

"You understand, of course, that there are no Spanish Jews; there are only those Jews who have migrated to Spain, except for one Spanish-born Jew at Madrid, born there of a German father. He has risen to some importance, though how open his Jewish professions are I do not know. It is rumored that he avows Catholicism. We Jews are here as foreigners, and as such Spain extends us the highest privileges according to her traditional attitude of deep respect for foreigners. None of us has tried to become a Spanish citizen—we are not sure of what would happen. Spain recognizes only the Catholic faith; the decrees against heretics have never been repealed. You mention a proclamation of the Spanish Government a few years ago, offering Jews full citizenship and equal rights if they return to Spain. None of us here has ever heard of any such public offer.

"In 1922 we organized a Jewish Society called Comunidad Israelita de Barcelona. It was approved by the Governor of Barcelona and constitutes our only juristic sanction. Its purposes are: (1) The establishment of a center for Jewish worship; (2) the formation of a philanthropic fund to aid those in want; and (3) the organization of instruction for our children in the Jewish religion, language, history, and literature.

"All these activities," he continued, "are cultural, educational, social. We do not know what the attitude of the government would be if we were purely a religious body. Naturally, this makes for an unsoundness, an obliqueness, and a warping in both our inner and outer lives.

"We cannot even have harmony among ourselves, for our members come from such various environments. We brought in from Salonica a highly intellectual couple, man and wife, to be Hebrew instructors for the young. There was not a sufficiently strong common will to maintain this couple for very long. Since then our children have drifted on, blind to the traditions and history of their faith. At the public and private Spanish schools they must take part in the Catholic ceremonials, as the Spaniards simply do not understand. 'You a Jew?' said one of my Spanish friends to me. 'Why, that is impossible. You are a good man, an honest man.' Their words for swine and Jew are interchangeable. Do not think I exaggerate when I tell you that if our servant girl fully realized that we are Jews she would run from her work to a priest and ask to be shriven."

It is not even certain that there will continue to be a Spanish Jewry. There is nothing to prevent the dictator, Primo de Rivera, from arbitrarily resurrecting the decree of 1492. Their foreign citizenship will stand the Jews in little stead if De Rivera chooses to look upon them as a group practicing a religion which is unrecognized, even forbidden, by the state. The test will come in a few years when those who are now children, born on Spanish soil, attain their majority and become automatically Spanish citizens.

If more Jews continue to enter Spain and if the Government publicly legalizes their residence as Jews, they will then have to face problems similar to those experienced by the Jews of the United States: problems of psychological adaptation, of maintenance of identity, of spiritual malleability within a traditional, integrated faith. But security of legal status will bring increased numbers, increased wealth, and the establishment of the usual institutions of Jewish communal life. At present there are none of these things; Spanish Jewry is desiccated, colorless, unsound, and profoundly unhappy.

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A Letter to Mr. Hoover

THE following letter, which we reprint from a South American paper, written by Joseph Jolibois, delegate of the Haiti Patriotic Union of Latin America, and former editor of the *Courrier Haitien,* was telegraphed to the President-elect two days before his arrival in Ecuador.

Bogota, Colombia, November 28

PRESIDENT-ELECT HOOVER
Care American Minister in Ecuador
Guayaquil, Ecuador

In offering my homage, permit me to ask you at this moment to resolve to restore the independence of Haiti on your accession to power next March as a testimony of your desire to cement good relations between your great nation and Latin America. Haiti is now under the yoke of American occupation as Belgium was during the German occupation. There have been no legislative elections in Haiti since the dissolution of the Chambers in June, 1916, by the American chief, Smedley Butler. . . . The occupation has been extended through the countryside. New taxes are constantly decreed by the American financial council which increase the misery that reigns among the people. The ex-chief of the marines of the United States, General Barnett, officially informed the Navy Department of the United States that 3,500 peaceful countrymen had been killed by American marines.

Haiti was the only country that aided the liberator Bolivar in the war of independence of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Venezuela, and Colombia. Furthermore, 1,500 Haitians fought at Savannah under Comte d'Estaing in the army of General Lafayette for the independence of your powerful country, and afterwards fought for thirteen years for the independence of Haiti. . . .

I am, sir, your humble servant,

JOSEPH JOLIBOIS

Contributors to This Issue

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD is the leader of the British Labor Party and was Prime Minister under the Labor Government in 1924.

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Error

In a review last week of "Do We Agree?", a debate between Bernard Shaw and G. K. Chesterton, the price of the book was erroneously given as $2. It should have been $1.

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